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OPEN NOMINATIONS AND FREE ELECTIONS.

AN open nomination is one in which every voter may freely participate and an honest election one in which every vote is fearlessly cast and honestly counted. Have we not these already? We have them in theory, but we have them not in practice.

The discipline or the despotism of parties has perverted them. In this fair city of New York, as often as an election comes round, 25,000 persons instruct the 250,000 or 300,000 voters whom to vote for. They are, indeed, told that they may vote for whom they please, but if they do not vote for the candidates named by the 25,000, the vote might as well be thrown away. The electors are as much restricted to the list made out for them as if the actors were by law divided into two classes, one called the nominating class and the other the voting class, or, to use higher sounding words, the initiatory Senate and the ratifying Assembly. We might continue to call this kind of government a free one, but it would be, in fact, an oligarchy. And what sort of an oligarchy? Enter any of the primaries and answer.

Such an arrangement of government, however brought about, whether by law or by custom, is unendurable, and if not changed must end in a catastrophe. The people are disgusted with it;

the revolt at the last election is evidence of the nervous restlessness caused by it in the body politic. I speak of the City of New York.

Go into the Produce Exchange, the Merchants' Exchange, the Real Estate Exchange, or any other of the Exchanges, enter a counting room in the city, and ask any of the great dealers or manufacturers for his influence in favor of or against any measure pending in the legislature, and he will probably answer that he has no influence whatever, and does not even know who his representatives are; and he may, perhaps, add that if you want influence you must go to the ward politician, the boss of the primaries, the inevitable busybody who takes meetings captive and manipulates conventions, and whose abiding place is the drinking room of the corner. In vain will you reason with your friend; you may urge upon him the duty of attending to the offices and the laws; he shrugs his shoulders, and answers that he is out of patience with the tricks of the politicians, cannot attend the primaries, and if he did, his voice would not be heard; and so he leaves the machinery of government to be run by those who make a trade of it, live by it, and maintain themselves by those arts with which we are all familiar.

The air is thick with rumors of corruption in office. What reason there may be for them cannot be fully known, except from the proceedings in the courts, but the prevalence of the rumors is an alarming symptom of a public mind, distressed or diseased, whichever it may be. It is, moreover, reasonable to infer from the belief, almost universal in the truth of the rumors, that corruption, and a great deal of it, does exist. But whether it be much or little, our safety requires that it should be extirpated. The people are not corrupt; we believe that; they desire honest and good government; it is to their interest and their happiness to have it. If their agents, or any number of them, are corrupted, or can be corrupted, the fact should be made known to every citizen of the State, the causes found, and the disgraceful plague stamped out, as we stamp out the diseases of cattle.

It would not mend the matter to say, that we are no worse than other people; that British politics, or French politics, or German politics are as bad; they may be as bad, for aught we know, they may be better or they may be worse; but we pretend to have a better and purer government than theirs. We know what makes us comfortable, and we must look to ourselves for

protection. Resist the beginning of evil is one of the most prudent of maxims.

Men say, we are industrious, we are prosperous, we heap up riches and we grow in power. Who are they that are so fortunate ; the laborers, who from end to end of the land fill the air with complaint and menace ; the occupants of tenement houses, living in filth and misery ; the homeless children, whose ceaseless cry is heard above the shout of revelry and the din of traffic ?

We are, no doubt, making our experiment of government under great advantages, but there are also disadvantages that we have to encounter and overcome. The advantages are the division of the nation into autonomous states ; the partition of delegated power into legislative, executive, and judicial departments ; the extent of unoccupied land ; a suffrage so nearly universal that resort to force need never be had in order to obtain rights. The physical power and the political power rest in the same strong arms. Our disadvantages are the divergent interests of different parts of the country ; the considerable number of uneducated voters ; a population not yet altogether homogeneous ; a large foreign immigration ; and above all the notion, wide-spread in thought and wider in practice, that government is a contrivance for the distribution of offices and jobs. Here are evil forces enough, not indeed to counterbalance, but to hinder and disconcert the good, and to darken at times the forecast of the lover of his country.

The source of all power is the voice of the people. The essential condition of a just vote is a free choice. To escape anarchy, a concentration of the votes is necessary, and with us this is obtainable only through nominations. The problem then is, how to concentrate the vote and yet preserve the independence of the voter. The problem is solved, and solved only, when we have a fair representation of the voters in the *selection of candidates*, followed by a fair *election* from among those selected.

In our present circumstances, and according to our present methods, a free and spontaneous nomination must be a rare occurrence. From the primary to the convention, and from the small convention to the large, there is clamor, overreaching, and confusion. Whoever has attended a Presidential nominating convention must remember the turmoil, the bargaining, and the clamor on one side the platform whereon the delegates were seated ; and on the other

sides the immense hall filled with a crowding host of spectators, coming as pretended witnesses, but becoming, as the work goes on, real participants, as if they were so many assessors, sitting to advise, to dictate, and perchance to drown with louder tones the voices of the delegates. A nomination once made by those or other arts is forthwith trumpeted as the free choice of the party and binding upon the honor of every one of its members.

So it has happened, that while the election is the process with which the law mostly deals, the nomination has become, through the practice of parties, the element of chief importance. If we were sure that good men had been nominated, the election would turn upon principle. As it is, the nomination is made by methods which no man can approve, and then the election is carried by the discipline of party in the name of principle. It is thus the consequence, deplorable as it is natural, that offices and jobs are the stakes for which the politicians play; the public service is neglected or perverted, offices are multiplied, emoluments are increased, bribery is encouraged, and the public conscience is debauched.

The first thing to be done is to awaken the minds of the people to a sense of the evil and the danger. That done, reform will surely follow, for "where there is a will there is a way." This is a maxim as true in matters of state policy, as in the conduct of private life. There is need of immediate and vigorous action. We may not say that we are resting on a volcano, since subterranean fires are beyond our reach, but we are resting in a false security, amid social and political fires that are aglow around us, more formidable than those of the earth beneath, and yet controllable by the vigilance, the prudence, and the energy of man. In this belief let us reflect upon what we can and ought now to do.

With the Constitution of the State as it is we cannot *compel* a citizen to take part in nominations to office, for do what we will he may go to the polls and cast his ballot for whom he pleases, whether previously nominated or not, but we can encourage him to take part in the nominations and offer him inducements for so doing. This is within the power of the delegated legislature now in existence. When the Constitutional Convention acts and the sovereign people ratify, they may *oblige* every voter to take part in the nomination if he takes part in the election. But what may the Senate and Assembly do in the meantime? They may provide

by law for paying the election expenses of all candidates nominated in a particular manner, and thus go a great way in the improvement of political methods. Suppose it were provided that registration in cities should be made early in October next before an election; that, at the time of registration, the voter should be requested to name the person whom he would nominate for the offices to be filled, and that the persons thus nominated by a certain number, say a tenth, of the voters registered, should have their ballots printed and distributed at the expense of the county. Would not these conditions tend to purify nominations? The details of a plan, of which this is the merest outline, are easy to be made. It might be provided, that no person should be thus nominated except one who had been previously recommended, as fit for the office, by a certain number of the voters of the district.

In some such way as this, the preferences of each voter for persons to be put in nomination could be expressed without inconvenience to him, as he would have to spend no more time than is now required for his registration, would have to attend no other meeting, or expose himself to the wrangle, the turmoil, or other inconvenience of the primaries. One who wanted an office, or whose friends wanted it for him, would have only to be recommended by those who thought well of him, and if one-tenth of the voters of his district approved the recommendation, his name would be printed on ballots and distributed without expense to him. The chance of getting the right man in the right place would certainly be increased, the assessments upon candidates decreased, and the domination of the primaries overthrown.

There are no doubt many other improvements important to be made in our electoral machinery. Greater secrecy in balloting can be secured, the scandalous transactions, by which exchanges of ballots are made by traitorous agents without the knowledge of candidates, can be prevented, and those grosser frauds, through which false counting and false certificates are intruded into the process, can be guarded against beyond peradventure. These, however, are matters into which it is not necessary now to enter. The purpose of this paper will have been gained, if it has aroused any considerable number of our citizens to such a sense of their danger, visibly impending, as to make them look to the *nominations* first of all, act promptly and with the energy of freemen who are in earnest.

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

WHY I AM A CONGREGATIONALIST.

FIRST. I am a Congregationalist, very much as King David was a stranger and a sojourner, because all my fathers were.

But I am also a Congregationalist by conviction, because Congregationalism, considered as a policy, not as a creed, seems to combine in the happiest proportions individual religious freedom with social religious organization.

Congregationalism is sometimes said to be that form of ecclesiastical government which is most nearly allied to, and which most closely harmonizes with, the Republicanism that constitutes our National political government.

This, however, is hardly demonstrable. Congregationalism is modeled upon the Southern idea of a confederacy, rather than upon the Northern idea of a Nation. In Congregationalism all power inheres in the congregation. Each church is a separate and independent body, conducting its own business without reference to any higher body, without ultimate appeal beyond itself ; calling Councils, but only for decorum ; combining with other churches in a Conference, but only for conference ; organizing itself with others in a National Council, but only for counsel. In none of these bodies does a church relinquish a particle of its self-government to any other body, either in respect of belief or action. The Conference may, for difference of creed, withdraw fellowship from some church. The Council may, for lack of confidence, refuse to assist at the installation of some minister. But none the less does the particular church remain a Congregational church, organized and perfect in all its parts ; and none the less may a church insist on installing and retaining the pastor of its choice without forfeiting its claims to be a Congregational church. All that it forfeits is its place in the association of Congregational churches. So far as they are concerned it is Independent, but so far as its own constitution is concerned it is

Congregational. A church may at any moment secede from any Conference, withdraw its representation in National Council, refuse to act in accordance with the advice of a local council—and no council, local or national, is empowered or pretends to do more than advise—and the worst and most that can happen is that it may cease to be a member of a local association and become an Independent church. It in no way loses its entity as a Congregational church. All its organization is still complete within itself. Incorporation into any larger body is purely voluntary, does not affect the constitution of the larger body, is a relation which can be assumed and resigned at will. The departure of any church does not organically rend the body from which it secedes. The advent of any church in no way constitutes the larger body an organism. A Conference or a Council is but a voluntary assembly of churches, a congregation of congregations present by representatives. A church is but a voluntary assembly of believers united by their belief. There is thus no Congregational church, while there are a great many Congregational churches. In this, therefore, it is unlike our National Government, that it is, in any combination, but a collection of organisms of equal rank. These are never, like the States of the Union, welded into one, a different, and a higher body, the Nation. For its strictly simple and sufficient Home Rule, I am a Congregationalist.

Christ established no church, neither Catholic nor Congregational, nor any church between the two. All ecclesiasticism is of human origin. Christ left undisturbed all the mechanism of human society, ecclesiastical, political, domestic, friendly. More than that, He repeatedly and publicly called attention to the fact. He protested that He did not come to destroy the law or the prophets. He preached in the synagogues already built; He entered with ready sympathy into the social festivities to which He was invited; He loyally paid tribute to the rulers under whom He found himself; but He enunciated principles under whose working the law became only a shadow and a reminiscence—synagogues crumbled, tyrants fell, festivals were purified.

Neither one church nor another, therefore, can be justified in claiming to be the original Church of Christ. Congregationalism finds its warrant—a true warrant—in the promise of Christ:—where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am

I in the midst of them. That is what a church establishment is for—to retain the spirit of Christ on the earth, to diffuse the spirit of Christ through the earth, to draw the kingdoms of this world into the one kingdom of our Lord, the Kingdom of Heaven.

We have the assurance of Christ that no complicated machinery is necessary, no Synod or Presbytery or Hierarchy, Episcopate or Bishopric, or See or sermon. A church is the simplest possible form of organization. It is only to be on the spot. It is only to come together in the name of Christ, and Christ will be there. Every little country school-house prayer-meeting, every pioneer group gathering itself in a log hut on the outskirts of civilization can make itself into a church complete in all its parts, because the only condition is that it shall assemble in the name of Christ—not in the name of rivalry or faction, ambition to establish its own sect, or dissatisfaction with the other minister, or determination to have its own way—but in the name of Christ. This is the condition which men must fulfill. Christ has promised to fulfill the other condition. He will be present.

The name of Christ—name which is above every name; name in which lies all our hope, perfection of the life that now is, promise of the life that is to come—how many crimes are committed, how much of selfishness, self-will, vulgarity, and vice broods under that holy name! But there is none other name given under Heaven among men whereby we can be saved, and upon this rock must the true Church be built.

I am a Congregationalist because Congregationalism acknowledges the invisible Christ as the only church foundation, and builds upon this foundation no visible church universal after the fashion of the kingdoms of this world, but recognizes that the true church universal must be invisible and spiritual, after the fashion of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Any warrant for Congregationalism in the words of Christ is not to be confounded with an imposition of Congregationalism upon the world as the one imperative divinely ordained church government. The context itself shows that Christ did not, in the text, command or found the establishment of a church; for He recognized a church already existing. Before giving His disciples the assurance of His presence at their gatherings, He had directed them in a certain contingency to tell their troubles to the church. Therefore, a church must have been already formed. What this

church was, or on what principles organized, we are not told. Probably it was in conformity with Christ's subsequent assurance, which assurance itself may have been but the stronger affirmation of some previous unrecorded "seed thought;" for the word used and translated *church* is defined to mean literally *congregation, any public assembly*. It may mean, and has sometimes been supposed to mean, the Jewish Sanhedrim on the one hand, or any assembly of devout men on the other.

This declaration of Christ, that where two or three are gathered together in the name of Christ, there will Christ be in the midst, is no more a divine ordering of Congregationalism as the one enjoined Scriptural, ecclesiastical polity, than is that other declaration: *Think not that I am come to destroy the law and the prophets, I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill*, an enforcement of the perpetuity, the universal binding obligation of the law of Moses. It is no more a Divine ordering of Congregationalism than is that other declaration to Peter, *Upon this rock will I build my church*, a divine ordering of the Roman Catholic Church as the one only true church. All such interpretations seem equally and utterly foreign to the true interpretation of Christ's life and teachings. We do not need to fall back upon the researches of learning, though they show us earlier manuscripts in which the text "upon this rock will I build my church" is not found. Granting the full text, the Roman Catholic inference is only a little harder to draw than the Congregational inference. Both are forced. Neither follows of its own accord.

We greatly weaken our cause when we found it on any adventitious circumstance, on any isolated text, and not on natural, eternal principles. We who worship God with simple rites are too apt to sneer at ceremonials more minute and numerous than our own; but all ceremonial is of human origin, of man's device. The posturings and vestments of the Episcopal Church, the altar and incense of the Roman Catholic Church, we sometimes picture as un-Christlike—pompous, worldly, not to say wicked additions to the simplicity, corruptions of the purity, of the true Church of Christ. But they are not necessarily wicked or wanton. True, Christ ordained no mitre or chasuble, cope or cassock, but neither did He ordain the chorister, or the cushioned pews, or the silver communion tankards of the Congregational churches. I suppose the embroidered robes of the archbishop are more like the parted

garments and the allotted vesture of Calvary than is the *de rigueur* black coat of the Congregational minister. These things are absolutely human, matters of taste, choice, discretion, adding an acquired sacredness of years to what was originally in some cases but commonplace every-day custom, and in others the hallowed relics of an outworn and discarded faith. They are important, only in what they are not. They are merely interesting in what they are. It is suggestive, it is even thrilling to reflect that in looking upon what are sometimes uncivilly called the mummeries of Roman Catholic worship, we are beholding the last faint and fading traces of the worship of vanished peoples. If early Christians gathered into Christianity pagan rites which they could not wholly suppress, if they strove steadfastly to empty these rites of the old errors and fill and transfuse them with the new truths, who can say that they were not wise, as well as pious, in so doing? If those new truths are in time devitalized into new errors, is it not the way of the world? If, on the other hand, these ancient rites are quick with somewhat that answers to human need, an aid to devotion and reverence; if some souls are subdued to receptiveness, quiescence, submission by the solemn ceremonial of the Roman Catholic and the Episcopal churches, so that the bread of life is more readily assimilated thereby, pure and devout Congregationalism has with this no quarrel. Congregationalism denies only that these are divinely ordained to the divine exclusion of its own simpler rites and common garb.

Thus, also, Congregationalism recognizes the validity of immersion as a sign of adhesion to the person and teachings of Christ, while it rejects wholly the idea that immersion was ordained by Christ, that the sprinkling of water upon the forehead in the name of Christ is not an equally valid sign, or that any application of water is more than the mere outward token of inward and spiritual grace, accepted by Christ, and, therefore, out of love to Him, adopted by His church, but not enjoined by Him as an indispensable duty, or an incomprehensible mystery. The Congregationalist no more believes that it is necessary to be plunged into a tank in order to be buried with Christ in baptism than he believes a cup of wine to be the blood of Christ because He said at the last supper: this is My blood. He believes both constructions of Scripture to be forced; obstructions to truth and not truth itself.

Congregationalism, as I understand it, is founded on the nature of man as trained according to scripture, and marching in ecclesiasticism *pari passu* with its march in science, in politics, and in the common arts of life. Congregationalism, in the time of Christ, and in our own, is in some sense a reaction against a too elaborate and tyrannical organization, a return to nature after the fatigues of cumbrous form. The Hebraism of Christ's time was an intricacy of generations, and bound upon the shoulders of men burdens too heavy to be borne. Christ, not with violence, but with gentle insinuation of truth, unloosed those heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free. When a Jewish preacher was to be installed with whatever detail of their separating ritual and sacerdotal consecration, one of the charges to the pastor was: "Take thou liberty to teach what is BOUND and what is LOOSE." Christ formulated no argument against this as a usurpation of divine power, heaped upon it no denunciation, but to the little listening group of unlettered fishermen, learning of Him to be meek and lowly in heart, He said quietly: Whatsoever *ye* bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever *ye* loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. It was Christ's quiet but complete annihilation of all the arrogant pretensions of the Jewish Church, its priests, and rabbies. It was the unfrocking of the Jewish clergy. They had become an absolute hierarchy. They claimed authority over the Kingdom of Heaven, power to lay down its law, to open and to close its doors. All this Jesus swept away with the gentlest breath of His lips. In the Kingdom of Heaven the greatest is not he who claims the most; but the greatest is as a little child. You, little ones, He seems to say to His disciples, you ignorant but knowing Me, you are the real priesthood of My spiritual kingdom. You, without synagogue, or ritual, or birth-right of Levi, but taught of Me and teaching Me as the Saviour of the world, you are the ones who have the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.—The Catholic Church, founding on this its claim for priestly absolution, takes up the exact idea which Christ indirectly condemned; builds up its close-fitting and far-reaching organization on the very plan of the rejected Jewish priesthood. Because Christ denied to any hierarchy the control of the Kingdom of Heaven, making it the vested right of Peter and of the disciples, uneducated fisherman, unconsecrated by form; the vested right of any two or three who should be gathered together in His

name ; the vested right of any congregation of believers, or, indeed, of any single believer, praying to the Father in Heaven,—I am a Congregationalist.

Congregationalism thus interposes the least possible machinery between man and his Maker. The constant tendency of mankind is to sacrifice unto the net and burn incense to the drag—and a very good reason the prophet gives—because by them is their portion fat and their meat plenteous. If, in addition to this, the net and drag are made æsthetic, sonorous, magnificent with all the splendor of wealth and culture, music, art, and architecture, the danger of remembering the net alone and forgetting Him who giveth all is greatly increased. It is the aim of Congregationalism to use only such and so much netting as may be necessary to catch men ; so much form and ceremony as may be necessary to the preservation of values, to the dissemination of truth ; as much as is hinted at in the words and deeds of Christ ; as much as is demanded in the Pauline requirement that all things be done decently and in order. Congregationalism would have no organization for organization's sake, but only so much as shall best secure the preaching and practicing of the gospel. It sees in all Christ's teachings a steadfast tendency against the machinery of the Jewish church, a steadfast endeavor to place religion upon a spiritual and practical basis. Humanity is constantly asking : Shall we worship the Father in this mountain or in Jerusalem ; by the Greek or the Roman, or the English, or the Presbyterian church, with priest or minister, with a white neck-tie or a white surplice ? And Christ ever replies : Neither here nor there, neither in one church nor another, neither with robes nor bells, nor pulpit nor order. All this is not Christianity. It is only custom, convenience,—temporary, incidental, and altogether changeable. Real worship is in spirit and in truth. If the elaborate ecclesiasticisms of the world claim that they are necessary to keep alive in men the sense of Divinity ; that the world needs, still, machinery even if it tends to superstition ; that promulgation of the gospel must be by intricate politics, checks and definitions, ranks and orders, changing robes and sounding services—wheels within wheels of command and subordination—why still has Congregationalism other work to do than dispute with them. I think they are mistaken. I think a good deal of their effectiveness is in danger of becoming sacrifice unto the net and burnt-incense to the drag. I

think it is sometimes worshiping and serving organization more than God. I think that as a direct result, the church which is the furthest removed from Congregationalism, which is, perhaps, the most powerful, compact, complete organization on the earth, reveals a tendency to sacrifice principle to power; not simply by the fact that its children commit sin against its teachings as Congregational sinners do, but that it throws so ample a shelter of ecclesiasticism over individual responsibility that it sometimes lulls the conscience to stupor, where it should, instead, sting to renewing vigilance and vigor. As a result, side by side, hand in hand with its Christian teachings, its saintly lives, its heavenly charities, go—not as in other churches, dishonored and dragged, a body of death, but unnoted, practices which a freer inward development under a less rigid external imposition might reveal in their true light, might detach and destroy. As a political force, as an ecclesiastical principality, as a kingdom of earth, that church might thus become less powerful, but by the Christ standard it would be greater in the Kingdom of Heaven.

In all time-movements we must recognize the Divine hand, and Congregationalists bid God speed to those who follow the Master, even though they follow not us, even though they sometimes double and turn upon us; but much of enginery seems not only to belong to and to build up a kingdom of earth, rather than the Kingdom of Heaven, it seems also to have a tendency to conceal the real nature of the Kingdom of Heaven. Christ, leaving the earth as a person, to remain forever upon it as a presence, as the Holy Spirit, emphasized but one mode of evangelization: Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations.

Whenever an idea is sent fresh into the world, the tendency is for it to stiffen at once into forms. The foot-fall of Christ had hardly ceased upon the hills of Judea before His spiritual church was loading itself down with prescripts. Reason is constantly breaking forth into revolution against prescription, and is no sooner free than another system of prescription is constructed. It is the mission of Congregationalism constantly to antagonize this constant tendency—not to malign or traduce it, but to moderate it to the lowest advantageous point. It is the mission of Congregationalism to keep as close as possible to the Christ-idea. When the rest of the world is swinging its censer and broidering its gar-

ments in the name of Christ, it is the part of Congregationalism to remind the world, by example indeed rather than by precept, that this is not Christianity. It may accompany worship, but worship is other than this.

Congregationalism can make no greater mistake than to erect its simple and sensible forms into as rigid a framework as that which encases, and sometimes imprisons, other churches. As formalists, Congregationalists are weak. There is no comparison between our severe services and the sonorous, spectacular, and impressive ritual of what are called the historic churches. Our strength lies only in keeping close to the spirit and the teachings of Christ. Art and science and culture have done their utmost to produce the solemn forms of a thousand years' growth. We can have no hope of improving on that. These churches *are* historic because they have cultivated those qualities of human nature, love of beauty, music, sentiment, which answer most easily to cultivation. Our church has been relatively inconspicuous in history because its chief appeal is to the reason, upon which indolent human nature is loth to rely, from whose cultivation it largely shrinks. Christ makes a man judge for himself. Man greatly prefers to put upon some one else the responsibility of judging for him. The history of Congregationalism is a history of New Departures. It began fresh, pure, strong with the inspiring words of Christ. It has begun afresh many times since under the bold and lofty impulse of clear thought and holy aspiration. It is continually hardening into limits, fixity, death, but it rises again with newness of life, and each time a little higher, with a little more life than before. It will prevail only with the prevalence of reason.—Because I believe that mankind is on the road from tutelage to self-government, from the dominion of the animal to the dominion of reason, and that man can best learn to use his reason by using it, I am a Congregationalist.

It will readily be seen, as it naturally follows, that while other churches may, in seasons of torpor, fall back upon the embodied truth of their forms, Congregationalism, which has no embodied truth, must have its truth always fluent to be vital. The historic churches may afford to sleep, strong and confident behind their barrier of sentiment, their record of power, their store of litany and liturgy and ritual, feeling that the wheels are still turning while they slumber. But Congregationalism has no such barrier against

the steady tide of advancing thought; has no such substitute for the steady working of the ransomed and regenerated reason. Unless one is free-minded, active, receptive, with the windows of his soul—be they large or small—wide open to the rays of the ever-rising sun of righteousness, a Congregational church is no place for him. Nothing is more unattractive, I might almost say more repulsive, than the meagre formulas of Congregational worship in the hands of a pastor without thought. If one's mind has touched its limits, if he is settled immovably on any creed whatever, if he pins his faith to Scott, or Edwards, or Calvin, or Athanasius,—to any other than the one only name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved—Congregationalism is not for him. Let him go into the historic churches, and sleep on there, and take his rest. In the Congregational church, he is losing all the good of their beautiful and imposing ritual, of the obedience and decorum which they command. He is missing all the good of the free mental play, the untrammelled spiritual growth, the incessant search for truth, the development of the whole man which constitutes the sole "reason to be" of Congregationalism.

Congregationalism is valuable only as it keeps the human reason in close, sensitive, loving contact with the Divine Reason. In constructing houses of refuge for the repose of reason, it is the weakest of all earth's architects, building but booths, always slight, sometimes uncouth, which every wind of heaven may rock and rend.

Nor is this a discourteous reflection upon other churches. That would be as foolish as un-Christian and false. Great men have been nurtured in them all, but is not greatness always Congregational? Great men rise above all denominational limits and appeal to the great congregation, to the universal reason. The great man is, I think, never great as a churchman. He is great outside and above his church. Nay, he is even generally at odds with his church. Its bonds hang loosely on him, and they who are held together only by bonds fear his bold, free flight. His constituency ceases to be denominational, ceases to be evangelical, ceases to be ecclesiastical, becomes the congregation of believers throughout the world, whether Jew or Romanist, or Calvinist, or Scientist,—men who keep bright the lamp of thought, feeding its perpetual flame from that central light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. GAIL HAMILTON.

OPERA.

THE form of Drama called Opera was invented about two hundred years ago. It reached its zenith of popularity during the first half of the present century, but during the last twenty or thirty years it seems to have declined in favor, if we may judge by the failure of those managers who have devoted themselves to its support. Paris, London, and New York have recently left Opera more or less "out in the cold." Sundry reasons have been given for this condition of affairs, but no one contends that it is not so. This kind of entertainment has never been thoroughly popular, because it is of foreign extraction, it is exotic, and found no root in the heart of the people. It has been sustained by government aid, or by private subscription. It has never been, like the Drama, self-supporting.

It is not in any spirit of depreciation of Music as an Art that I permit myself to discuss how far the Drama can be made, properly made, a vehicle for music, as it is used in opera. Whatever charms this thing may display ; whatever merits it may claim, I protest, as a Dramatist, against its pretension to be a drama in any form or shape. It may be something finer, better, more ethereal, more divine,—I concede all the superlative adjectives,—but it is not a Drama.

It is no more a Drama than a mermaid is a Woman !

It is no more a Drama than a Centaur is a Man !

The Sphinx and the Satyr do not belong to the Human Race. And Opera like these monsters presents an incoherent form. It is a misconception produced by the improper association of two Muses.

I protest, as an actor, against the pretense of opera singers to be regarded as actors and actresses. They are not so. Their art is not mimetic, it is a conventional parade.

I have seen but one actor on the operatic stage deserving of

the name, and that was Georgio Ronconi. And he could not sing. When old Lablache began to act in opera, he stopped singing, he talked. But these men knew well that operatic acting is ridiculous sound and fury, signifying nothing.

Let us inquire precisely what a Drama is, what matters are essential to its form and existence, without which it can have neither the one nor the other.

A Drama is an imitation of a human suffering by persons skilled in counterfeiting emotions, so the spectators may be led to sympathize with the feelings they witness, and thus a species of illusion is created in their minds to the extent of believing the scenes they behold, and the feelings in which they share, are real.

To create this illusion is the great object of the poet and of the actor. The mirror they hold up to Nature is so fine and delicate that an untoward word or incident may shatter it.

There are three forms of Drama : the transcendental : which is regarded as the highest form, in which the personages are grander than Nature, their acts more important, their sufferings more heroic. As the human figure in the paintings of Buonarotti is represented of Titanic size, so the great poets give heroic proportions to their characters. But to render these heroic proportions acceptable, they select distant periods in which to place their plots, they magnify the characters of the past, relying on the imagination of the audience to assist in the illusion.

If another Shakespeare arose in this day, and placed "Hamlet" in 1880, and in Edinburgh, or "Romeo and Juliet" in New York, these plays, however poetic in treatment, would appear absurd in modern attire, because it would be impossible for the spectators to maintain the illusion that such people, speaking such language and acting in that manner, exist in Scotland or in the United States at the present day.

The second form of Drama is the natural and realistic. Here the personages are life size, their language and acts are not exaggerated nor heroic ; the object being to present a faithful copy of our daily life as it is, or might be.

In both forms, the action must be profluent, coherent, consistent, for life is such.

The third form of Drama is the romantic, into which the supernatural may enter,—spirits of Good and Evil, scenes in which the poet relies on our superstition to raise the illusion,—but he

must, even in this supernatural world, make his action coherent, continuous, and profuent. So in the "Tempest," and in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the admixture of the fanciful is in pursuance of the action, not at war with it, arresting or diverting it. It is brought into familiar association with the characters, to aid the belief in the existence of such sprites. Such means Shakespeare uses in the ghost scene in "Hamlet," and Goethe uses constantly in "Faust." Some dramatists consider the romantic to be a part of the transcendental Drama.

Now let us turn to Opera and compare that production with the Drama. The first kind of Music-Drama that became popular was what we call Italian Opera. The action of a play was taken and reduced to its simplest form. All the fruit and foliage was stripped off the tree, its trunk alone was retained. On this form was wreathed a string of melodies, in a particular order, something after the following fashion: Chorus—aria—trio—scene and cavatina—septette and chorus. The music rarely betokened the sentiment or the action that upheld it. It had little to do with that. The music was the food and the scenes were the plates and dishes on which it was served.

As this performance was sung the audience would be naturally unable to catch the words of the singer, which must be distorted in articulation. But still less could they understand what was going on when three, four, and six actors were all speaking at once, and a chorus of thirty or forty more were shouting at the same time. To enable the spectators, therefore, to discern what the Drama was about, a very popular subject was taken, in which every incident was known, and to give fuller aid and light to the obfuscated spectators they were liberally supplied with books. Against the Italian Opera, with its wreaths of impertinent melodies, there arose a protest in Germany, and the school which eventually produced Wagner insisted on regarding this Italian mosaic of melodies as a trivial composition. It claimed that a musical language exists which can interpret the feelings and passions with deeper eloquence than vulgar speech—a grand universal tongue, such as might have existed before Babel—such a vernacular as angels use in their Heavenly intercourse. They contend that this language applied to Drama raises Opera to the level of Tragedy, and Music becomes as immortal as Poetry. Can this be so? We should not dismiss lightly a claim

so earnestly made by the great thinkers. Can the sense of sound be so cultivated and developed? Let us remember that Music contains no great abiding truths: we may be momentarily the better for it, but it is evanescent,—it loses its charm by repetition, it becomes old-fashioned. The new music of to-day obliterates the old music of our fathers. Rossini and Donizetti put Mozart and Cherubini on the shelf. These were set aside by Gounod and pelted into a corner by Offenbach and Sullivan.

It is not so with Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe, Molier, Sheridan, Burns, or Goldsmith. We never tire of their music—they never become old-fashioned, these great high priests of Human Nature! They do not pretend to have discovered a new language—the last of them does not efface his predecessors.

Art is not a delirium; but music seems to unsettle by intoxication the brains of its lovers when indulged in to æsthetic excess.

Let us return to Earth.

If from the whole of an opera we remove the words, and leave the music to stand alone, we find it incoherent, confused, without symmetry, or direction, or completeness. Let this wordless opera be compared with a symphony, and its imperfection as a musical form will be apparent.

If from the whole we take the music, and allow the words to stand alone, we reveal the meagre, weak, and wretched frame called a libretto. We find a grand dramatic work of Shakespeare murdered for the use of its bones, of which we take up one like an osteologist, and say, “This once belonged to *Hamlet*.”

Let us ask ourselves frankly: If Beethoven had published the score of his great work as simply a piece of music, and had called it, as Mendelssohn might have done, “an opera without words,” could any musician have discovered the plot, character, and passions in “*Fidelio*” by means of the music alone? Could he have imagined what it was all about? If Wagner had done likewise, would any Wagnerite pretend to say he could have had the remotest idea of “*Lohengrin*?”

Music, in its simplest form, may be called a sensuous art acting upon the nervous system; it appears to be, to a great extent, a physical faculty of appreciating the quality and consonance of certain fine vibrations of the air. It excites passions and emotions, especially an excitement which might be called “*hysterica musica*,” but it cannot describe or bring form or action to the

mind. It is, as it were, color without outline. It emits joy, grief, triumph, despair, love; but unless we are helped to the knowledge by explanation, we fail to understand what it is joyful, plaintive, triumphant, or despairing about! It is a language of vowels without consonants. It is inarticulate. Among the arts, therefore, it is the most sensuous and the least intellectual. Being understood without effort, it gratifies equally the savage and the child, and the reptile; it inflates us with volatile emotions, requires no brains to enjoy its charms; it makes us dance without cause, and cry without reason, and so it is the most popular of all the arts.

The recent representation of an opera composed by M. Verdi, entitled "*Otello*," and the criticisms on the work, brought forward in my mind these reflections, and caused me to put to myself these simple questions:

What position does Shakespeare hold in this work. "*Othello*" is a purely domestic tragedy; it is one of the best constructed of all the poet's works. The prefatory action in Venice, and up to the arrival of the wedded pair in Cyprus, is managed with great skill. The play really commences with this attitude, but the characters have been so skilfully developed in the first act that, as instruments, they are ready and familiar. The musical composer sweeps away the Act 1st and begins with Act 2d. He then strips the remainder of the piece, using it as a form on which to arrange his music, as the sculptor twists a frame of iron rods into a suitable shape to support the figure he is about to model in clay. One rod passes into the arm, and another up the back through the neck into the head, and so each limb depends on some internal stay of this kind, which is covered up by the figure, but without which it would fall to pieces. The frame is previously bent and its parts inclined to follow the intended subject. Shakespeare served as the iron frame—the skeleton form—on which M. Verdi shaped his music.

Some years ago Balfe asked me to write the book of an opera for him. We selected a subject and I went to work. I remember the summer evening, in 1843, when we met to read over my first act.

It would not do at all. I was ignorant of the musical plan on which an opera is constructed. Balfe was writing at this time for the French opera with Scribe and St. George, past masters, as librettists, so it is needless to describe the respect with which I

Scene, sistette and
stretta.

The Dramatist is invited to put flesh on this skeleton—he must subordinate his drama in every respect to the necessities of the musical form! Feeling unable to accomplish the feat, the work was abandoned.

Some years afterwards Sir Julius Benedict asked me to give him the “Colleen Bawn” in operatic shape. I related my experience with Balfe, over which we laughed together very heartily, but Benedict clung to his affection for the Irish play, and we took John Oxenford into our counsels. Our names are coupled on the title page of the libretto, but all my share in the business consisted of witnessing how my lamb was butchered into a marketable shape, and called the “Lily of Killarney.” All the sentiment, all the tenderness, all the simple poetry was swept away. We attended the first performance and I could have cried over it, but it was so drolly burlesque that as I sat and witnessed the attempted murder of *Eily*, laughter got the best of us both. “Yes,” said John, “but listen to that!” The house was on its feet, and amid enthusiastic shouts the singers were called out to receive an ovation.

The glamour, the intoxication produced by the music not only covers and conceals the wretched thing on which it rests, but it transmutes the poorest acting into admirable effort. The most wooden of tenors becomes a miracle of tragic passion when he pronounces an upper D from the chest.

Let us take one of the best of the operas, “*Lucia di Lammermoor*,” and select the most dramatic scene in the work, which occurs at the end of the second act, when *Ravenswood*, who has received the plighted troth of *Lucy*, returns from abroad to discover that she is about to wed his rival, *Bucklaw*. He appears in the midst of the marriage ceremony. The family, consisting of *Henry*, with the guests (basses), *Arthur Bucklaw*, with his friends (tenors), *Lucy’s* friends (soprani), are struck with dismay and rage when *Ravenswood* tears his betrothal ring from *Lucy’s* hand, an assault which neither *Lucy’s* lover nor her brother see fit to notice excepting by making an abortive rush of two steps, and

then returning to their places in the *sistette* and chorus that follows in this manner :

<i>Raimond</i> .—Hence, begone ! or sure thou'lt perish.	} All together.
<i>Arthur and Tenors</i> .—Madman, hence ! our rage exciting.	
<i>Henry and Basses</i> .—Madman, hence ! our fury fearing.	} Together.
<i>Raimond</i> .—Life and rank thou holdest, cherish.	
<i>Arthur and Tenors</i> .—O'er thy head thy fate suspended.	
<i>Henry and Basses</i> .—O'er thy head thy fate is pending.	

After more of this, *Lucy* and *Ravenswood* address each other simultaneously.

Lucy.—God protect him in this moment.

Rav.—Let me die before this altar.

Before they can complete the rest of their feelings *Raimond* interferes, and the three are crying together.

Lucy.—My prayer will never be rejected.

Rav.—Hour of vengeance now fulfilling.

Rai.—Hence betake thee.

Then in comes *Alisa* to the hubbub, and we find *Lucy*, *Alisa*, *Ravenswood*, *Arthur*, *Henry*, *Raimond*, all raging at each other in line, with the choruses behind them. Here is the dialogue :

“Go ! or thy blood shall quickly flow.
 Go—yes—flow. Yes—yes—shall flow.
 Thy blood. Go—go—go hence ! Yes,
 On thy head. Go—go ! Yes—yes—fall.
 Shall fall ! Vanish ! Yes, shall fall.
 Go ! Ah, yes ! Ah, yes ! Cease, oh, cease !
 Madman ! Our rage exciting, on thy head
 Shall fall. Yes ! Go ! Thy head—ah, yes !
 Shall fall—shall fall—Thy blood.
 Yes, on thy head shall fall. It shall
 Fall ! Thy blood it shall fall.
 It shall fall. Hence, then hence !
 Then thy blood shall fall. Yes,
 Thy blood shall fall !”

During this, the six characters are charging the audience in line, all ejaculating together, all repeating again and again what they have said, until *Lucy*, in despair, seizes hold of *Ravenswood*, who drags her about the stage. Her lover and brother make a plunge at them, but remembering they have more to say they return to the charge at the audience without accomplishing their purpose, which, indeed, would have interrupted the *sistette*, and therefore was not to be thought of. So they allow *Lucy* and *Ravenswood* to struggle it out. He ends by throwing her in a heap, and rushes

out on the last note, which, of course, is his upper C, if he has one, and the curtain falls on this supremely ridiculous scene amid the enthusiastic plaudits of an unreasoning public.

With the music, which forms, of course, the greatest part of this exhibition, I have nothing to do. With the singers, as singers, I have no concern. But with the Drama that is degraded, and with the actors who present the figures in this performance, I have some business. The more so, as the press (who know better) have encouraged this misbegotten thing to assume a royal place in the theatre, to which it has no title. If the press has a vocation, so far as art is concerned, it is to guide and admonish the public, of which it is the brain. It has failed conspicuously in its duty in this respect to the Drama. Let us ask the wildest melomaniac on the press this simple question : If any of your tenor *Romeos*, or your soprano *Lucias*, should lose their voices, and find themselves obliged to tender their services as juvenile tragedian or leading woman in any dramatic company, where would they stand ? Do you think Brignoli could have replaced Irving in a satisfactory manner ? Do you think that Gerster or Adelina Patti could take the place of Ellen Terry or Ada Rehan ? Divested of the glamour of the music, in what shape would these operatic artists appear ?

You know that this is so, and knowing it, you write in the Parisian journals, in the London press, and in the American papers, in a strain of ridiculous extravagance concerning the dramatic powers of the singers ! Why must I read with contempt of your pens that “ Signor F., in the character of *Othello*, attained to such ideal perfection, in the scene of the bedchamber, that the artist had to repeat the *morceau* again and again amidst a *furor* rarely paralleled ? ”

And you fail to perceive the astounding absurdity contained in all this ! *Othello* is called on to play a scene over again, and this is paraded seriously by you as evidence of his ideal perfection in the character ! You cannot find adjectives in our language adequate to glorify this solemn buffoonery !

Either I am suffering under an aberration of mind—an artistic and literary cecity—or there is an idol in the sacred precincts of our Temple which diverts the worship of a portion of the people from their true and pure devotion to the drama.

Out with it !

DION BOUCICAULT.

GRANT AND MATTHEW ARNOLD. "AN ESTIMATE."

MR. ARNOLD introduced General Grant to the people of England in the January and February issues of "Murray's Magazine," and his articles have since been published in book form by Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston, and entitled, "An Estimate."

As Grant had visited England and received the most cordial welcome from all classes, there is no conceivable reason for Mr. Arnold's *post-mortem* introduction of him, unless it be that Grant never lectured in Great Britain.

It is not necessary to introduce Mr. Arnold to the people of the United States. We know him by his distinction in the fields of learning, and besides that he has lectured to us. Indeed, if we may judge by his "Estimate" of Grant, he is not likely to lose any opportunity to lecture us. Perhaps we need it—certainly we can bear it. But we must be permitted a little hero-worship, though our idol be a man of the sword, not of the pen.

Having been General-in-Chief during a great war, and twice President of the United States, Grant's career is open to the closest scrutiny and the most rigid public judgment; and having published a book, he is amenable to the strictest rules of fair criticism. We should have no right, to be sensitive concerning Mr. Arnold's "Estimate," if it did not do injustice. Mr. Arnold has presented a weak and incorrect abstract of our hero's literary, as well as of his military work. It is not the purpose of this article, however, to assume the task of setting that right. The world will judge for itself of General Grant's *Memoirs* and of his public services. Beyond commenting upon a few general points, the only purpose of this article is to make some comparison between the literary work of the distinguished but matter-of-fact American soldier and the learned British critic.

It must be remembered that General Grant never posed as a scholar, and that he wrote his *Memoirs* in the throes of death, with no time to choose words.

Mr. Arnold says of Grant's *Memoirs*: "I found a language all astray in its use of *will* and *shall*, *should* and *would*—an English without charm and without high-breeding." This expression implies the assumption on Mr. Arnold's part that he is master of pure English. Does his article sustain that pretension? High lights in literature express their meaning accurately. When Mr. Arnold says that Grant's English is without "high-breeding," he does not mean that Grant himself is without "high-breeding." He uses the term high-breeding in relation to language, not on the sly in relation to the man. We understand high-breeding in men, in cattle, in dogs, etc., but Mr. Arnold will have to tell us what high-breeding in language is.

Mr. Arnold says that "in the rage for comparison-making the Americans beat the world." That shall not deter us from comparing the English of the American soldier and the British scholar. Grant says of his tiresome life at the Military Academy: "The last two years wore away more rapidly than the first two." Mr. Arnold, putting this into high-bred English, says: "His last two years *went quicker* than his first two." Grant says: "I had grown six inches in stature;" Arnold says, "with a stature that had *run up too fast* for his strength." Speaking of a large public meeting, Grant says, "In the evening the court-house was packed." Arnold says, "In the evening the court-house was *crammed*." Grant says: "My opinion was, and still is, that immediately after the fall of Fort Donelson the way was opened to the National forces all over the Southwest without much resistance. If one General who would have taken the responsibility had been in command of all the troops west of the Alleghanies, he could have marched to Chattanooga, Corinth, Memphis, and Vicksburg with the troops we then had, and, as volunteering was going on rapidly over the North, there would soon have been force enough at all these centres to operate offensively against any body of the enemy that might be found near them." This clear statement, when put into Mr. Arnold's high-bred English for the British public, comes out as follows: "He thought both then and ever after, that by the fall of Fort Donelson the way was opened to the forces of the North all over the Southwest without much resistance, that a

vigorous commander, disposing of all the troops west of the Alleghanies, might have at once marched to Chattanooga, Corinth, Memphis, and Vicksburg, and broken down *every* resistance."

Grant says: "On the 22d of August, 1848, I was married to Miss Julia Dent, the lady of whom I have spoken. In April following, I was ordered to Detroit, Michigan, where two years were spent with but few important incidents. . . In the spring of 1851 the garrison at Detroit was transferred to Sackett's Harbor, and in the following spring the entire Fourth Infantry was ordered to the Pacific Coast. It was decided that Mrs. Grant should visit my parents at first for a few months, and then remain with her own family at their St. Louis home until an opportunity offered of sending for her." Mr. Arnold converts this plain, smooth narrative into the following high-bred or *hybrid* English: "When the evacuation of Mexico was completed, Grant married, in August, 1848, Miss Julia Dent, to whom he had been engaged more than four years. For two years the young couple lived at Detroit, Michigan, where Grant was now stationed; he was then ordered to the Pacific Coast. It was settled that Mrs. Grant should, during his absence, live with her own family at St. Louis." If there is any "charm" in the construction of the foregoing statement by Mr. Arnold, or in his use of the words *now*, *then*, and *settled*, it is well concealed.

Grant says: "The enemy occupied Grand Gulf, Haines' Bluff, and Jackson with a force of nearly sixty thousand men. Jackson is fifty miles east of Vicksburg, and is connected with it by a railroad. My first problem was to capture Grand Gulf to use as a base."

Mr. Arnold's version of this is as follows: "The enemy had at Grand Gulf, at Haines' Bluff, north of Vicksburg, and at Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, in which all these places are, about sixty thousand men."

Of his efforts to earn a living after he resigned from the army in 1854 Grant says: "My wife had a farm near St. Louis, to which we went, but I had no means to stock it. A house had to be built also. I worked very hard, never losing a day because of bad weather, and accomplished the object in a moderate way. If nothing else could be done, I would load a cord of wood on a wagon and take it to the city for sale. I managed to keep along very well until 1858, when I was attacked by fever and ague. In

1858 I sold out my stock, crops, and farming utensils at auction, and gave up farming."

The English with "charm," into which Mr. Arnold throws this frank and pathetic part of General Grant's story, is as follows: "First he tried farming on a farm belonging to his wife near St. Louis; but he could not make it answer, though he worked hard. He had insufficient capital and more than sufficient fever and ague." Aside from the flippancy with which Mr. Arnold treats Grant's poverty and sickness, the last sentence just quoted entitles him to credit for a fair share of the "smartness" which he attributes to Yankees.

The foregoing are examples of the English of the man of the sword and the man of the pen. In no instance does Mr. Arnold's change in General Grant's English improve it.

But Mr. Arnold's failure to improve General Grant's English, in translating it for the British public, is not the only particular in which his article is defective. In some instances he fails to express the General's meaning. For example, speaking of the preliminary operations of the Mexican war, Grant says the occupation of certain territory was, apparently, "to force Mexico to initiate war." "We were sent to provoke a fight, but it was essential that Mexico should commence it." Surely that is plain enough. But Mr. Arnold renders it as follows: "Ostensibly the American troops were sent to prevent filibustering into Texas; really they were sent as a menace to Mexico, in case she appeared to contemplate war." Again, Grant says of his appointment to the Military Academy, Mr. Hamer, the member of the House of Representatives, "cheerfully appointed me." Mr. Arnold, observing, perhaps by a careless reading, that a Senator from Ohio was addressed upon the subject of the appointment, says: "The United States Senator for Ohio procured for young Grant, when he was seventeen years old, a nomination to West Point." The error in this instance is not serious, but as Mr. Arnold must know that every State of our Union has two Senators, his use of the definite article *the* in the sentence, "the United States Senator for Ohio," suggests that misuse of the definite article is not set down in his linguistic category as an offense. In fact, with some Englishmen the importance of scrupulous care in the use of *will* and *shall*, *would* and *should*, seems to overshadow many other things in letters. Nor is Mr. Arnold more particular with his pronouns than

with his articles. In speaking of Meade and Grant, he says : " Both Meade and Grant behaved very well. Meade suggested to Grant that he might wish to have immediately under him Sherman, who had been serving with Grant in the West. *He* begged *him* not to hesitate if *he* thought it for the good of the service. Grant assured *him* that *he* had no thought of moving *him*, and in *his* Memoirs, after relating what had passed, *he* adds : " etc.

It is not worth while to multiply illustrations, but it may be noted that Mr. Arnold's vocabulary is large. He has more words than he needs, and he appears to throw in the surplus to get rid of it. Possibly, however, the mystery of English with "charm" and "high-breeding" may lie hidden in the distribution of this surplus. Here are some examples : "The afternoon of *that same* day ;" "he says with *perfect* truth ;" "*high* genius ;" "the United States Senator for Ohio procured for *young* Grant when he was *17 years old* ;" "*from this time* he was *always* the same strong man," etc. ; "*almost exactly* the same strength as at the beginning of the campaign ;" "if the South could succeed in prolonging an indecisive struggle year after year *still*, the North *might probably* grow tired of the contest ;" "in the field there was some sharp fighting *for a day or two still* ;" "but the Mexican war came *on* and kept him in the army ;" "Grant declined because he was to go *off* that evening to visit his children." Perhaps *on* and *off*, as they stand in the last two sentences, are not as bad as they would be if they changed places, but they are unnecessary, unless it be that they give "charm" and "high-breeding" to the English.

Without making more comparisons between the English of General Grant and Mr. Arnold, the following may be taken from Mr. Arnold's article as fair examples of his English with charm and high-breeding. Comparing Grant before he went to West Point with English school boys, Mr. Arnold calls the latter "*our young gentlemen* ;" and speaking of the way Grant was reared, he says : "*The bringing up* of Abraham Lincoln was, also, I suppose, *in this wise*." Two more examples must suffice. Mr. Arnold says : "After Grant had, after a hard and bloody struggle of two days, won the battle of Shiloh, in which a ball cut in two the scabbard of his sword, and more than 10,000 men were killed and wounded on the side of the North, General Halleck, who did not love Grant, arrived on the scene of action and assumed the com-

mand." "And, therefore, crossing the James River he invested, after failing to carry it by assault, Petersburg, the enemy's stronghold south of Richmond. . . . Finally, Grant, resuming operations in March, 1865, *possessed himself* of the outer works of Petersburg. . . . Then Grant proceeded to *possess himself* of the railroad by which Lee's army and Richmond *itself*, now drew their supplies."

Under cover of a statement made by Grant, Mr. Arnold assumes the defense of the sympathy for the South shown by England during the rebellion. Grant says: "It was evident to my mind that the election of a Republican President in 1856 meant the secession of all the slave States and rebellion. Under these circumstances I preferred the success of a candidate whose election would prevent or postpone secession, to seeing the country plunged into a war, the end of which no man could foretell."

Upon this Mr. Arnold remarks: "I am not concerned to discuss Grant's reasons for his vote, but I wish to remark how completely his reflections dispose of the reproaches addressed so often by Americans to England for not sympathizing with the North attacking slavery in a war with the South upholding it. From what he says, it is evident how very far the North was, when the war began, from attacking slavery."

Did Mr. Arnold have to learn from Grant's book—"from what he says"—that the North was very far from attacking slavery when the war began? History abounds in proof of that. Our Congress, after war broke out, passed a resolution saying that "the war was not waged for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the States, but to defend and maintain the permanency of the Constitution and to preserve the Union with all the dignity and equal rights of the several States unimpaired;" and about the same time the Confederate Commissioners, Yancey, Mann, and Rust, said, in a letter to Earl Russell: "It was from no fear that the slaves would be liberated that secession took place. The very party in power has proposed to guarantee slavery forever in the States, if the South would but remain in the Union." That Mr. Arnold should discover these historical facts by drawing an inference from General Grant's book is as surprising as his discovery of General Grant in 1886; but his conclusion from the discovery is more surprising still. From the fact that Grant in 1856 held the

opinion that the election of a Democratic President would prevent or postpone a civil war in his country, and voted accordingly, Mr. Arnold draws the conclusion that Americans were unjust, or at least inconsistent, in reproaching "England for not sympathizing with the North attacking slavery, in a war with the South upholding it." The meaning is that as the North was not attacking slavery at the beginning it had no claim to English sympathy. This is a weak defense. According to the morals of England, slavery was a monstrous evil; and in this judgment a large part of our Northern people heartily concurred. But slavery, having been found by us as it was left here by England, was imbedded in our constitution; and our Government from the beginning had been part slave and part free, with the free part located in the North, growing in moral strength as well as in proportional numbers. The necessity for subjection of the slave-owners' will to the will of the Union after political control had passed to the North in 1860, the unwillingness of the North to have slavery extended, and a violent resentment by Southerners of abolitionism in the abstract, caused the Southern States to secede from the Union, and proceed to set up a government of which Mr. A. H. Stephens, its Vice-President, said in a public speech, March 21, 1861: "Its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery subordination to the superior race is his natural and normal condition. This, our new Government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physiological and moral truth." Mr. Arnold tells us that "admiration and favor are not compellable; we admire and favor only an object which delights us, helps us, elevates us, does us good." The government described by Mr. Stephens, based upon slavery, is the one which Mr. Arnold admits many Englishmen, for whom he now offers a poor excuse, admired and favored, as against the government of the Union, founded upon the principle of human freedom, and composed largely of men devoted to the general enforcement of that principle. It is true that the Union, choosing between evils and trusting to the appearance of some peaceful process for eliminating slavery, was willing, at first, to let the evil alone where it existed, rather than enter upon a bloody civil war, the end of which, as Grant says, no man could foretell. But this dilemma of the North affords no excuse to Englishmen, who were not in the dilemma,

for taking sides with the South ; nor does Grant's action in 1856 "dispose of the reproaches addressed so often by Americans to England for not sympathizing with the North" in the civil war of 1861-5. If English lack of sympathy for the North had been, as Mr. Arnold intimates, because the North did not attack slavery at the beginning, then surely, as soon as the Government did attack it, early in 1863, they would have been with the North heartily. But the abolition of slavery did not divert English sympathies from the South to the North.

Mr. Arnold himself probably has some love for Americans in general, for he uses the lash freely, and we are told that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. Grant, Mr. Arnold tells us, "is boastful, as Americans are apt to be, for his nation?" "The Americans are too self-laudatory;" "Grant was boastful only in circumstances where nothing but high genius or high training, I suppose, can save an American from being boastful;" "The United States would be more attractive to us if they were more backward in proclaiming themselves the greatest nation on earth;" "The Americans in the rage for comparison-making beat the world; whatever excellence is mentioned America must, if possible, be brought in to balance or surpass it. That fine and delicate naturalist, Mr. Burroughs, mentions trout, and instantly he adds, British trout, by the way, are not so beautiful as our own."

Mr. Arnold shows a keen perception of the fitness of things by closing these extravaganzas with a *fish-story*.

It is to the chance by which "some documents published by General Badeau in the American newspapers first attracted his (my) attention to Grant" that the British people are indebted for Mr. Arnold's discovery of the American soldier, and it must be admitted that the treatment of General Grant in Mr. Arnold's so-called *Estimate*, though patronizing, is quite commendatory. Indeed, having caught from America "the rage for comparison-making," he compares Grant to the Iron Duke, saying: "But he certainly had a good deal of the character and qualities which we so justly respect in the Duke of Wellington." . . . "Surely, in all this he resembles the Duke of Wellington." Englishmen are not boastful. They merely set up one of their own heroes as the standard of human greatness, and measure other men by that standard.

So, too, Mr. Arnold does honor to Grant's *Memoirs*. Not-

withstanding they are in language "all astray in its use of *will* and *shall*, . . . an English without charm and without high-breeding," Mr. Arnold comforts us by saying, "surely the Duke of Wellington would have read these Memoirs with pleasure."

But having lifted us above the American level by admitting that Grant "had a *good deal* of the qualities" of the Duke of Wellington, and that the Duke "would have read these Memoirs with pleasure," Mr. Arnold drops us back by saying, "Cardinal Mazarin used to ask concerning a man, before employing him, *est-il heureux ?* Grant was *heureux* ;" and there he leaves us. How deeply are we indebted to him ?

JAMES B. FRY.

LETTERS TO PROMINENT PERSONS.

No. 6.—To HON. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SIR : As a representative of the highest culture, a stern advocate of the loftiest moral principles in politics, this Republic welcomed your advent into the public arena. Of a family respectably known in the literary and theological world, a graduate and a professor of Harvard, a patriot by inheritance, and both patriot and poet by occupation, you had ever been forward to serve your country by the frankest disapprobation of those whose action was not impelled by your thought. Poetry, learning, satire, and denunciation you had brought to the establishment of righteousness and to the dis-establishment of mere expediency in the administration of government. No hand was swifter than yours to “hurl the contumelious stone” against such stalwart men as those who are “mere pegs to hang an office on”—phrases which you will recognize as your own. No voice sounded louder than yours in scorn of time-servers, who sacrifice principle to place ; who betray the people ; whose practical position is that stigmatized by your own Hosea Biglow that

“Constitooents air hendy to help a man in,
But arterwards don't weigh the heft of a pin.”

Your keenest ridicule was poured out on those who consider the offices of the country as merely the means of private emolument ; who with your own “Pious editor,”

“Du believe its wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions ;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fur outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.”

Of slavery you had proclaimed yourself the eternal foe ; you had taunted your countrymen with their submission to it. With jeer, and sneer, and scoff, and argument, you had striven to rouse men to resistance. You had indeed apparently not contemplated so fierce an antagonism as was subsequently developed. The large National idea was not within your scope. The moral wrong of slavery filled your vision to the exclusion of its essential treason. It had evidently not occurred to you that the true part of a heroic Nation is to gather itself for a mighty deed and strike out the life of its foe. Yours was the milder suggestion of hari-kari. You proposed to leave slavery in full blast, white and black equally under doom in the riven South, while the riven North should drag lamely along a strange and devious way. The grammar and orthography were the least "structural weakness" of your plan :

" Ef I'd my way, I hed ruther
 We should go to work an' part,—
 They take one way, we take t'other,—
 Guess it wouldn't break my heart ;
 Men hed ough' to put asunder
 Them thet God has noways jined ;
 An' I shouldn't gretly wonder
 Ef there's thousands o' my mind.

Happily there was a stronger spirit in the thousands than you thought. They believed that God had joined them in a Nation, and they forbade slavery to rend the nation asunder. But in saving the Nation they crushed the economic, political, and moral wrong with whose infamy you had not ceased to sting them. In their rebound of relief from this overwhelming evil, they remembered only your valiant words against its toleration, and forgot your feeble words as to the method of its removal. You cannot wonder that they took your homely and vigorous verses as the guarantee of right-mindedness, the sign manual of a man whose keen eye might be depended upon to observe the pathway to National honor, and whose untiring feet would be sure to follow it. They conferred upon you the first office to which your country had ever called you, that of Presidential Elector for the first civic President after the re-established Peace. You were chosen by the Republican party, which had carried on the war to a triumphant close. You represented the district and the University in which centred your pride, your ambition, your life. You represented a corporation which had assumed a higher standard of political

morals, a higher measure of public faith, a more delicate sense of the honor which binds people and representatives than it could find beyond its own limits.

Still quoting your own words, I ask :

“ To what end. How yield you back
The trust for such high uses given ? ”

But one President had been chosen since his grave was made who had been struck down by slavery's dying blow ; one President had been chosen, and he the General whose fame was born of the deadly war between Slavery and Nationality. The party had again selected for its standard-bearer a man of unblemished character, a man who had risked life and limb on his country's side, against slavery. You were made Elector by your constituency for the purpose of casting their vote for the Republican candidate. You accepted the office without protest against the action, or manifest dissent from the opinion of your constituency ; yet, before the Electoral College had assembled, the air was sharp with suspicion that you meant to prove false to those who had trusted in you, by voting for their opponents. On one vote hung the fate of the election ; that casting vote you held. One hundred and eighty-four men, besides you, held a casting vote, but your fidelity alone was suspected. One hundred and eighty-four men, chosen from the profane ranks of politicians, bore themselves above temptation. Over your head alone, chosen from the walls of lofty Harvard, hung the dark cloud of doubt. One word, one decisive assurance from you, would have turned all these suspicions into apology ; but that word was not spoken, that assurance was not given. On the contrary, the newspaper organs of your known friends and intimates defended such action. They confirmed and inflamed suspicion by referring to and arguing from the old days when Electoral Colleges assembled “ to elect and not simply to certify elections.” As well might it be urged that because the word *let*, which now means *permit*, once meant *hinder*, a free man is to-day by law a slave. Your countrymen were not yet far enough from the war to be beguiled by such adroitness. Real swords leaped at you ; constituents you found were not only handy to help a man in, but had also some weight afterwards. You voted for the Republican candidate, as it would have been unprecedented baseness not to vote ; but it was not your own incorruptibility which bore off the

palm. It was one great man, a politician and an office-holder, of higher purpose and stronger principle than you, who in the inner political circles which your faction affects to despise, had the credit of restraining your feet and holding you to the plain path of duty. Can your wavering resolution ever permit you to be quite free from the stain of having waited like your own Birdofredum Sawin' to see,

"Wich way the tide that sets to office is aturnin'?"

The tide that set to office swept you in on its crest. Whether to fix your loyalty, or, remembering only your early principles and forgetting or mis-interpreting your later hesitation, the still victorious Republican party sent you to represent it abroad. The manner in which you accomplished your mission it is not my object now to discuss. Suffice it, that the story of your triumphant sallies upon London society penetrated promptly and frequently our American wilderness. Successive glows of pride thrilled the heart of the Republic at learning, from time to time, the important feats of your official life—that you had dined with a duke; that you had gone down to spend Sunday with an earl at his country seat. It was echoed with awe that you could accurately tell when the Aubrey de Veres were to be found at Redbourne Hall, and when at Bestwood Park; how your "engaging" friend, Lord Granville, was connected on one side with the Duke of Sutherland and on the other with the Duke of Devonshire—thus classifying even the august corpuscles of the blood of Gower and Cavendish. It is true that ever and anon some traveling countryman of your own came home laughing at a certain juvenility in your bearing towards him, at a simplicity that apologized for a lack of entertainment not required at your hands, but which gave you opportunity for exploiting the number and grandeur of the social engagements which prevented your hospitality; and some, it must be confessed, came swearing at a certain air of high distinction, caught, no doubt, in your hob-nobbing with the "quality," but which they profanely called your "—— snobbery and nonsense," your "—— provincialism and tomfoolery;" and sometimes cold shivers ran down even the back of London at your little lapses from etiquette.

Your own Birdofredum Sawin could hardly have perpetrated a grosser breach of courtesy than was whispered, I might

almost say snickered, against you in a certain English circle. They had been told that Mr. Evarts, soon after his appointment as Secretary of State, found you in what seemed a semi-relapse into literary but innocuous desuetude. Mr. Evarts elevated you at once into notice by appointing you to the Spanish mission, which had before been bestowed in recognition of literary merit—the mission to which Secretary John Quincy Adams sent Alexander Everett in 1824, to which Secretary Webster sent Washington Irving in 1842, the mission urged upon the historian Prescott by Secretary Clayton in 1849. The honor of the position tendered you by Mr. Evarts was greatly enhanced by the literary predecessors who had dignified and characterized it.

At the end of a year Mr. Evarts transferred you to the Court of St. James, thus bestowing on you the same compliment received by Richard Rush, Edward Everett and George Bancroft. If it were possible for distinguished tribute to establish a sense of gratitude or a claim to fidelity, you surely owed fidelity and gratitude to Mr. Evarts.

In turn you had a slight opportunity to show your appreciation of Mr. Evarts's intelligent friendliness. At the close of his service as Secretary of State, he visited London with his family. It was—I can hardly say noised—I should rather say it was silenced among Americans in London, that you failed to pay him, not only the respect of an officer to his chief, but the courtesy of one citizen of the world to another. Eminent Englishmen sought him out, against—it was whispered with dismay—your rather provincial efforts to keep him in the background. It was reported, in English diplomatic circles, with something between a grin and a groan, that an invitation left by Lord Salisbury at the American Legation for Secretary Evarts and his wife and daughter to spend some days at Hatfield, was suffered to lapse so grossly as to be conveyed for Mr. Evarts only,—thus depriving his family of the pleasure of a visit to the historic house of the Cecils, of seeing the State papers of Queen Elizabeth's Lord Burleigh, and of witnessing the highest form of English country life; and also depriving our English friends of the pleasure of knowing an American family, whose privacy I dare not invade, but the gentle grace and charm of whose inner life are as irresistible as the wit and wisdom and eloquence by which it is known to the world.

If this blunder had been an unintentional *gaucherie* on your part, it would have been bad enough, but it might have been classed and pardoned with the hundred other *gaucheries* committed by men intelligent, even cultivated, but not bred to diplomacy, and not, therefore, always skilled in the severe laws of its social etiquette. But in the strict privacy of diplomatic *coteries*, you were charged with even a more rustic blunder than this. It was remembered that when Mr. Evarts was urgently trying to induce you to push England to the payment of the Fortune Bay claims, you had so little comprehension of the scope of an American mission that you wrote naïvely to Mr. Evarts that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry would be embarrassed by yielding to any American demand just at that time. A smile flickered over averted faces in the diplomatic circles of both countries at Mr. Evarts's dry response, that, in his judgment, you would find it very difficult to adjust the interests of your own country to the shifting exigencies of political parties in England! That world within the world saw that you had keenness enough to detect the satire, but not high breeding enough to hide the smart. So, like the rural lass resenting her slighted charms, you sulked visibly, and thus confessed your snub.

The world outside of yours, however, knew nothing of this. The country at large could only see its representative visiting the English peerage, and had small sympathy to waste on the wrath or the raillery of individuals—mere Americans, even though they were recognized at home as your social or intellectual superiors. You fulfilled, so far as can be seen, to the general satisfaction of English society, and to the entire satisfaction of your own ideal, your official duties. You had, without protest, accepted high office at the hands of the man whose election you had been hardly restrained from opposing. No symptom of restlessness in your position escaped you; no evidence of antagonism to the principles or the methods of the party that appointed you is on record; no discontent with the duties or the emoluments of your position, no conscientious scruples concerning the men or the measures of Republicanism ever wrung from you a token of desire to resign your office. You kept it cheerfully through the whole term of the administration which appointed you. Through all the stress of the election which decided its successor, you held your peace. The silence of the grave was not

more profound. When the Republican succession was assured, your spirit was still unbroken. The files of history will be searched in vain to find any anxiety recorded by you as to the policy to be pursued by the incoming administration of Garfield. Reform or spoils, free-trade or protection, territorial expansion or naval construction, South American trade or decaying ships, hard money or soft, bribery and coercion at elections, or a free vote and a fair count—all these things you silently relegated, with touching trust, to the party in power. The sole point on which you were known to desire reassurance was whether you, yourself, were to be continued in office. On this point I suppose you were reassured. I do not know. Certainly you were continued in office. Through another four years of Republican Administration you were smoothly piloted. In the next, as in the preceding election, you gave no sign. Your legs rested tranquilly under English mahogany, while the struggle went on between your party of liberty and the party of slavery; between the party that fought and the party that forced the war; between the party which organized your idea of progress and reform and the party which your comrades have stigmatized as the party of spoils and obstruction. But when the struggle was over, when your party was defeated, when your office was irretrievably gone from you and you had nothing to lose, then, as unexpectedly, though not as pertinently, as Balaam's interlocutor, you opened your mouth and spake—not simply in courteous welcome to your successor, but in contumely of the hand that had fed and led you, and that you had followed with docility for six years. I do not say that because it fed, you followed; but certainly while it fed, you followed; and when it had been struck away you sprang to repudiate it. Publicly you regretted—so flashed the uncontradicted wires across the sea—that you had not been privileged to cast a vote against the Republican party and for the party which had overthrown it. No loyalty to comrades with whom you had long and willingly served, no stanchness to principles which you had warmly and publicly advocated; no quick instinct of self-respect, of the reticence due to your own dignity; no chivalric impulse of fidelity in defeat, forbade you instantly to transfer your sympathy from the vanquished to the victors.

Even your regret, though indecent, was impotent. What hindered that you were not in a position to cast the desired vote? What hindered the sixty days leave of absence which your diplo-

matic colleagues obtained—who came home, and openly exercised the freeman's privilege of the ballot? What could have been easier than seasonably to resign the office of representing the offensive party's policy and go home to vote against it? What, at least, would have been easier than to express your wish while, as yet, it might have an effect upon the election? What can your countrymen infer but that you occupied the position of your own Birdofredum Sawin; that public office meant for you,

“ Nine thousan' dolls per ann.,
 Nine thousan' more fur outfit,
 An' me to [represent the] man,
 The place 'ould jest about fit.
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
 I don't believe in princerple,
 But O, I *du* in interest.
 It ain't by princerples nor men
 My prudent course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it bald-headed.

“ An' then another thing;—I guess, though mebbly I am wrong,
 This Buff'lo plaster ain't agoin' to dror almighty strong.”

When your “ mebbly ” turned out to be right, when you found that the Buffalo plaster did draw “ almighty strong,” that it had drawn you out of office, out of your nine thousan' dolls per ann., nine thousan' more fur outfit,—then, in violation of all official and personal courtesy, you betook yourself to

“ Praise
 To him that has the grantin'
 O' jobs—in every thin' that pays,
 But most of all in cantin'.

During your occupation of the English mission under the Republican party, you had so discharged its duties toward Ireland as to earn the flaming hatred of every Irishman in America. No sooner were you launched into the Democratic party at home, than, forgetting the fastidiousness of your English affiliations, you began to touch glasses with any McTom, O'Dick and Harrigan, that Democratic Boston chose to summon to its municipal banquets; and the telegrams that had blossomed erst like Aaron's rod with your revelings at the Duke of Omnium's, now sadly drooped under the burden of municipal festivities with Hugh O'Briens.

Of what sort was the President to whom your praise was supererogatively offered? Who was the man who thus lured you into your fatal infidelity, who led you thus to debase your elegant culture, your moral elevation, to the sordid demand of dollars and cents? The candidate of your party, the party which was yours until it was defeated, was far and away the leader of the Republican organization. An advocate of other policies, I feared his nomination and opposed his election, but every honorable Democrat recognized him as the able and adequate exponent of his party. Whether the party were right or wrong, he fitly represented the party. Born and reared like yourself from generations of refinement and culture, long a prominent and familiar figure in State and National legislation, where his opinions were always sought and always fully and boldly set forth, skilled in administration, on terms of intimacy with the public men of both parties, known on the hustings probably to a larger voting population than any other man in this country, and supported always by the popular vote, a logical thinker, an eloquent speaker, an elegant writer,—perhaps no man ever more amply gathered within himself alike the purposes and the aspirations of his party than did the candidate against whom you were careful to say nothing, so long as it was possible that he might have it in his power to continue or remove the Minister at St. James, but whom, after his defeat, you hastened ostentatiously to abandon.

And you, of the faction that cleaved off from its party on the question of fitness for office; you, a man of learning, a citizen who had taken large part in discussing the most important, the highest moral politics of your country; you, who had shared her honors and emoluments;—you regretted that you had not been able to assist in elevating to the highest position in the country a man, not simply without learning, but ignorant of the ordinary political history of the nation he was set to govern; a man who had never been in her councils, who had absolutely no experience in legislative assemblies or in national affairs; a man who, as I have previously taken occasion to say, had passed through exciting years that heralded our civil war, had passed through the civil war itself, had passed through the eventful years succeeding the civil war, without uttering one word that could be recalled to indicate preference for either of the contending forces, knowledge that there was any war in progress, or any opinion whatever in

the equally momentous conflict of opposing theories after the re-establishment of peace. You thought it a wise and lofty thing, an intellectual feat and moral victory, to put at the head of this great country, this vast, noble, and advancing nation, a man who had never uttered a word for his country, nor ever lifted his hand in her defence higher than the hangman's rope. You hastened to transfer your allegiance to a man of brutal manners, of stolid instincts, of vulgar associations; a man who was a stranger to polite society, unacquainted with public men, ignorant of human nature, ignorant of politics as of letters—a man whose elevation to the Presidency of Harvard would have amazed and disgusted every alumnus in the country, would have offended and alienated every professor and tutor in the University; a man whom a brilliant member of his own political party declares to be “a wooden image, of dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity, as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth, sensible of criticism only to the point of resenting it.”

In all this I have not one word of blame for the President of your choice though not of your choosing; he did not make himself President; he but accepted what no man ever refused. As President, he has fulfilled every reasonable anticipation; he has executed the duties of his high office precisely as was to be expected of an executioner. But what can be thought of the culture of Harvard, what can be thought of her fitness for training young men to citizenship, when, at a crucial moment, she deliberately pronounces for ignorance, for inexperience, for indifference, and a rude morale, as proper pre-requisites to the greatest honor, the most arduous duty, the most weighty responsibility? With higher hope, with more palpable appropriateness, might you have elevated to the Presidency of Harvard the sheriff who hung your own professor for the murder of his friend. Your sheriff did his duty; so did Grover Cleveland his. But it is not the duty that best prepares a man to direct the education of young men, or to guide the policies of great States.

Once, you wrote in the promising spring-time of your manhood,

“Once to every man and Nation,
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood,
For the good or evil side.”

Such a moment came to you! On one side stood the memories

of your aspiring youth, the impulses of your matured strength, the claims of learning, character, statesmanship, faith to the traditions of your Alma Mater, opportunity to bind your country to spiritual progress and material advancement. On the other side were retrogression, incapacity, the neutralization of your early influence, the practical contradiction of your high verbal morality, the rule of the low, the crowning of the evil. And deliberately you chose the evil. You yielded your country to the hands of the party that had sought to rend her beautiful seamless robe, against your own party that, with whatever blunders, had secured at infinite cost its integrity. You were fain to deliver your government into the coarse keeping of ignorance, rather than into the expert hands of culture. What words better strike the note of our inevitable lament than your own measures of a happier time :

" O utter degradation ! Freedom turned
Slavery's vile bawd to cozen and betray
To the old lecher's clutch a maiden prey !"

By what token then do you stand in the place of the fathers, with two hundred and fifty years of noble sacrifice behind you, fronting a future of noble endeavor, and assume to speak for the better part, for the higher life ? As between an education which develops character or personal availability, you said loftily before the citizens of the world, at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of your Alma Mater, as between the effect of education " in the conduct of life, or on the chances of getting a livelihood, I should choose the former."

" The devil you would !" blurts out your Democratic ally, scorning while accepting such help. When would you ? Was it when, in the uncertainty of a great crisis, you hesitated between truth and treason to your own party, not knowing which way the tide that sets to office was " a-turnin'" ? Was it when your party had secured the fruits of victory, and had therefore secured you, for the remainder of its term of ascendancy, by giving you an

" Office that includes good easy-cheers and soffies ?"

Was it when the party, having lost its " easy-cheers and soffies " with its ascendancy, lost also you, and for thanks or good wish from you in its defeat received a parting kick—was that the hour when you chose character rather than personal availability, the

conduct of life rather than the chances of getting a livelihood ? Surely at those significant moments culture showed its height by the same tokens that greed of office and mercenary politics in a vulgar Democracy employ.

When you affirmed at Harvard that the highest office of a University is to distribute the true bread of life, you must, with Hosea Biglow, have stipulated a mental reservation that the bread should—

“Come back in many days, an’ buttered tu, fer sartin.”

You argued that our ancestors believed in a college education,—that is, in the best education to be had ; that nothing is so great a quickener of the faculties as the frequent social commingling of men who are aiming at one goal by different paths. You expressed the belief that Harvard would speedily take on the form and functions of a great University, “And whenever that does happen,” you said, “it will be due, more than to any and to all others, to its able President, who, by a rare combination of eminent qualities, would carry the work forward without haste and without jar.” You announced it as one prime weakness of a Democracy to be satisfied with the second best. You pronounced that the only way in which our civilization can be maintained at its present level,—still more, be raised higher,—is by bringing the influence of the more cultivated to bear with more energy and directness on the less cultivated, for refinement of mind and body. You declared that Democracy must show its capacity for producing the highest possible types of manhood, must satisfy the inextinguishable passion of the soul for something that lifts life away from the common and the vulgar. You declared that the most precious property of culture, and of a college, as its trustee, is to maintain higher ideals of life and its purpose. You pointed out that we are dealing with a time when the belief seems to be spreading that the better mind of the country is growing more and more alienated from the highest of all sciences and services,—the government of it. You implied that the work of a college is to make a man of culture, a man of intellectual resources, a man of public spirit, a man of refinement, with that good taste which is the conscience of the mind, and that conscience which is the good taste of the soul.

These be parlous words. But you did not teach in parables

alone ; you brought your object lesson with you ; you proffered yourself as an object lesson. "I stand here as a man of letters, and as a man of letters I must speak." Were you satisfied to present your political ideals in person ? Did you feel that you had so borne yourself as to convince the ignorant Democratic politician that Harvard culture fits a man for delicate political discrimination, for sound public judgment, for lofty fidelity to duty ? Did the President at your side point your moral and adorn your tale ? Did the Alumni who heard, or the wider congregation that read, your words make an application, the stronger for being indirect, to the Nation's head, by attributing whatever national advance is made, to the rare combination of eminent qualities in the able President for whose election you had secretly agonized, and at whose election you had publicly rejoiced ? Did you feel that you were honoring the belief of your ancestors in a college education, by placing in the highest office a man who had disdained a college education ; or by what process had you discovered in him natural administrative or intellectual traits so strong as to make the lack of college training insignificant ? Was this President of your choice a man who has widened his views and quickened his faculties by social commingling with scholarly and intellectual souls ? "Unless Democracy," you said, "know how to make itself gracious and winning it is a failure." This man of your æsthetic choice, "this wooden image of dull self-sufficiency and cold stolidity, as incapable of receiving impressions as of returning warmth"—is his the gracious and winning demeanor which proves Democracy a success ? Did your great audience in Sanders' Theatre, and your still greater audience outside, instinctively discern in your advocacy of the President your patriotic and cultured way of antagonizing the prime weakness of a Democracy in being satisfied with the second best ? In holding up your President before the ingenuous youth of Harvard and the learned gentlemen from abroad, did you feel that you were displaying your country's first best, and your own superior vision in discerning it ? Did you impress his image, his "wooden image," upon your audience as that of the only available man in the ranks of the Democratic party, by whose influence civilization could be maintained or elevated, whose refinement of mind and body could be brought to bear with more energy on the less cultivated and refined, whose high type of manhood could satisfy the inextinguish-

able passion of your soul for what is away from the common and the vulgar? "The measure of a Nation's true success," you had averred, is "its contribution to the thought, the moral energy, the intellectual happiness, the spiritual hope and consolation of mankind, let our candidates flatter us as they may." Did your candidate ever flatter us that way? Did you glow with the consciousness that in maintaining him for the Presidency you had been maintaining the highest ideal of life and its purpose; that you were enlisting the better mind of the country in the government of it, and were so commending Harvard to the nobler aspirations of the land? When the President of your choice, your hero of the rare combination of eminent qualities, and of the culture of high social commingling, your first best and last best product of Democracy, the fine flower of your inextinguishable passion against the common and the vulgar, your measure of the Nation's spiritual, moral, and intellectual contribution to mankind—when he lifted himself on your pedestal before the assembled learning and wisdom and grace of Harvard, gathered from the old world and the new, and showed himself sensible of criticism, to the point of resenting it then and there, was your inextinguishable passion gratified? Did he evince the mental resource which needs no college lore, the refinement which is deeper than training, the good taste which is the conscience of the mind.

Here even you had the grace to falter. Confronted with your Frankenstein prodigy, your inextinguishable passion succumbed. You turned and fled to cover. The friendly Roman opened its arms to your shelter. But neither in Latin nor in English did you venture so much as to allude to the moral energy, or the intellectual resource, or the spiritual consolation, or the Democratic graciousness, or the high ideal which you had sought to saddle on the country. You prudently confined yourself to second-class traits, and those, even, of doubtful quality—courage, which is as often and as correctly counted insensibility or ignorance; strength of purpose, which in the lack of reason is but foolish obstinacy, and breaks before selfishness and intimidation into equally foolish surrender; fidelity to duty, which in the earlier days of your ideal leader seemed to have a vague existence, though it was fidelity to duty dimly seen and stolidly construed, and even that, the stress of political pressure soon shattered and scattered as dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly. Ability

to withstand the "*civium ardor prava jubentium*," is the special quality with which Matthew Arnold credits President Grant ; but to that faction of one party and dissatisfaction with all parties which your Holiness represents, no man was more obnoxious than President Grant. You and the English poet may share the honor of a Latin quotation, but that the two Presidents do not share the trait to which it points, thousands of facts testify.

Even had these qualities indisputably existed, they are qualities which equally fit a man to be a hod-carrier or a President ; they qualify and disqualify for no station whatever, but belong to all stations, and consist with every disqualification as well as every qualification for high and *exigeant* office. You brought Seneca's pilot to your aid, but you dared not aver that Seneca's pilot was a good one, only that he would keep his rudder true. True to what ? Seneca's pilot may weld himself to his rudder, but whether his stanchness is valuable or not depends upon whether he understands navigation. If he had never before done anything but row a skiff down your Charles River, sticking to the rudder would not keep him off the rocks of Cape Hatteras. You left your party and abandoned even the etiquette of diplomacy, to exalt to the chief command of this great ship of state, the greatest on the high seas, a man who had no experience whatever in ocean sailing, and but the slightest accidental experience in river craft ; whose duties on river craft had been chiefly below stairs, and who, even as steerage cook, had preferred to be his own scullion. If you did not know this, where is your intelligence ? If you did know it, where is your honor ?

And after these political tricks before high heaven you dare stand up as a man of letters, and claim to choose the conduct of life rather than the chance to get a living ; claim to advocate the first best as against your country's low democratic lurch to the second best ; claim to be setting your shoulder to the wheel of our political civilization to raise it to higher levels ! As a man of letters you must speak, and you clamor to your gods to "give us first of all and last of all the science that ennobles life and makes it generous." I, too, stand here as a man of letters, and as a man of letters I speak ; and looking around upon the noble men of both parties, Republicans and Democrats, men of learning and accomplishments and achievements ; men of great ideas and high ideals, whom you have passed by to laud a man who has neither ;

men of direct purpose and simple faith and unwearying patience ; men who transact their country's business as if it were their own, erring sometimes it may be, not assuming a monopoly of moral purity, or mental discernment, or political knowledge, but doing man's work in modest, manly way—and I refer your petition for an ennobling science to your own earlier words :

“ Look inward through the depths of thine own soul ;
How is it with thee ? Art thou sound and whole ?
Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain ?
Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes ;
Then will pure light around thy path be shed.”

ARTHUR RICHMOND.

SOME MORE WAR LETTERS.

I.

THIS second installment of war letters will further serve as side lights on some of the events of the Rebellion. There are fewer purely official letters here, perhaps, than among the first ones printed, but they are not for that reason of less interest. The more than twenty years that have passed since the war, the public events to which these letters relate, and the death of many of the writers, is a full justification for publishing them. They contain few personal reflections, or, where they do, time has modified some of the opinions, as it has cooled all the passions of the war.

When the subjoined letter of General Bragg to General Sherman was written, he was one of the board of the military school where Sherman was a tutor. Sherman had heard the "secesh" cry of the South, had resigned his post, and was going North. The letter is of extreme interest, showing, as it does, how the great State of Louisiana was to be dragged out of the Union by "political hacks" and "bar-room bullies." The *people* of Louisiana, on a fair vote, would have given fifty thousand voices against secession. The "bullies," however, and the "political hacks" determined in mock convention that Louisiana must go, and she went. All old soldiers will remember how common a thing it was to hear captured prisoners of war from Louisiana exclaim: "We never wanted to secede. I went to the war because my neighborhood drove me to it. Individually, I am a Union man, but I couldn't stand the rebuke and the ridicule of the Louisiana politicians and bullies." These were almost the identical words of two Louisianians, brothers and officers, whom the writer helped to capture at Vicksburg. "Couldn't stand the racket of the secesh bawlers," said the Captain; "and here I am—a leg off, my plantation in ruins, my negroes free, myself a

prisoner, and the bawlers still bawling!" "South Carolina is *gone*," thought Bragg, "beyond recall." A little friendly recalling later on the part of Sherman's boys, and South Carolina came back.

"BATON ROUGE, December 26, 1860.

"MY DEAR SHERMAN: Your letter addressed to me at this place was forwarded and reached me just as I was about to leave here. The decision you have formed does not surprise me, indeed I do not see well how it could be otherwise under the circumstances in which you are placed; and you will yet do me the justice to believe it is most painful to realize the necessity. You are acting on a conviction of duty to yourself, and your family, and your friends. A similar duty on my part may throw us into an apparent hostile attitude; but it is too terrible to contemplate, and I will not discuss it. You see the course of events. South Carolina is gone, nothing can recall her: *the Union is already dissolved*. Mississippi has just elected a convention all the same way. Alabama the same. There will be a strong fight in this State, the city delegation will probably control the convention, and both parties are making great efforts there. But it all amounts to nothing, the Union is already gone. The only question now is, can we reconstruct any government without *bloodshed*? I do not think we can, and the question is momentous. Yet we find a few old *political hacks* and *bar-room bullies* are *leading public sentiment*, and will in many cases represent us in convention. They can easily pull down a government, but when another is to be built, who will confide in them? Yet no one seems to reflect that anything more is necessary than to 'secede.' Such a chaotic map to work on has never presented itself to my mind, and I can see nothing but confusion to come of it. We have had a preliminary meeting of our 'Military Board,' and laid down a plan for the formation of military companies. We have 5,000 stand of arms—muskets—are to proceed to New Orleans to-morrow to see what can be done in enlarging it. All received from the Government so far are gone, issued to volunteer companies and thrown away without the slightest accountability. Unless brought into service, and kept under discipline, how are we to prevent the same thing again? A regular force is the only alternative.

"I shall continue to hope, though without reason, that Providence will yet avert the great evil. But should the worst come, we shall still be personal friends. What are we to do to keep up our *Bouturn*? Is either of your professors fit to take your place? Can we get a suitable man elsewhere? Confer freely with Gen. Graham on the subject. We all have full confidence in your judgment, and it will go far in deciding our course if you leave.

"The trouble about your salary was an oversight in not amending the estimates after the bill was passed. No appropriation was made. There can be no difficulty in getting it through the next session. I will try and get it done early in the session.

"Whenever a supply of arms are sent to you the Board will employ a man as armorer, or authorize you to do it, for their preservation.

"Very truly and hastily yours,

"BRAXTON BRAGG."

Here is what it all brought to Bragg. The fleeting honors of a commandership of armies only involved one of the best-souled men of the Confederacy in poverty and the humiliation of

being compelled to sue for favors from the one who had beaten him in his greatest battle. It was an old-time friend, however, to whom he addressed the following—one, too, whose attachments for his misguided friends in the South were not destroyed even by the bitterness of war. The letter is not less pathetic than the oft-recurring scenes of later years at Army Reunions, where ex-confederates join hands with the victors, and unite in the applause over a restored Union. It is one of the blessed signs of the times that gladdened the heart of the hero of Appomattox, before death closed his eyes at Mount McGregor.

"ST. LOUIS HOTEL, New Orleans,
"January 25, 1867.

"DEAR SHERMAN : Your kind and not unexpected offer of services, whenever you could aid me, induces me to address you on a matter of great private importance to me. I do so more to elicit your opinion and advice than to ask any action. Impoverished by the war, I am seeking some employment by which I may secure an honest and decent living for myself and my wife in her old age.

"When Butler's forces, under Weitzel, took possession of this country, you are aware I was absent in Kentucky. My wife was at home on her plantation. It was a property purchased with her means, and, by the laws of this State, could not be made liable for my debts or any acts. Of these two facts you have some personal knowledge. She was expelled from her possessions, the real estate was seized and used for military purposes, and all the movable and personal property was taken for the use of the troops or destroyed.

"Included in that seized and used by the troops, I remember 300 hdds. sugar, 1,000 bbls. molasses, 8,000 bu. corn, 50 head beef cattle, 50 head horses and mules, wagons, hay, etc., etc., etc. It has occurred to me, that as these stores were taken for and used by the supply departments of the army, and both in law and in fact belonged to a party in no way involved in the controversy, but who was living quietly at home, that possibly *her* claim to some compensation for supplies absolutely used might be recognized by the departments. Can you aid me in coming to a conclusion on this point, and suggest the best course for me to pursue? If it should invoke the necessity of an application to Congress, of course I shall not attempt anything.

* * * "Are you able to enlighten me on this point, or can you aid me in getting the subject properly before the department whose province it is to decide it?

"You know me too well to believe for a moment that I would allow you to involve yourself in any way with the government, or that I would accept services which you could not render with perfect delicacy and propriety.

"With sentiments of old, I am truly yours,

"BRAXTON BRAGG.

"GEN. W. T. SHERMAN, U. S. A.

Direct to St. Louis Hotel."

II.

We can only guess if Thomas is the "*solid*" man referred to in this little note from Bragg to Sherman. The letter shows what

sort of confidence business men had in Tecumseh Sherman long before the world heard of him as a soldier.

"MOBILE, Alabama, June 3, 1855.

"MY DEAR SHERMAN : * * * * *
 * * * * * T—— is not brilliant, but he is a *solid*, sound man ; an honest, high-toned gentleman, above all deception and guile, and I know him to be an excellent and gallant soldier.

"So far, I have been unable to find a bargain in a plantation to suit me, but I am still looking out. There is much property in the market, but it is held too high. A short crop this year will bring it down.

"The progress of affairs in California has interested me no little, and though I felt that you were safe if energy, foresight, and decision could save a man, yet no one can be always ready to meet these sudden fancies. You have a substantial reliance in your St. Louis house, which cannot well fail whatever may be the atmosphere about you. I heard of a remark made by Mr. Lucas which, I was told, was characteristic of him and not intended for you. A meeting of bankers in St. Louis was considering the crisis which was upon them there, and Mr. L., in conversation, remarked that he cared nothing for matters in St. Louis—for that he was ready, but that the house in California gave him great anxiety ; that he had induced a young man to leave the army, where he was safe, and embark in a business which might ruin him, and that he would rather suffer \$200,000 himself than see such a result. With such a *backer* you are in no danger. I do not know where I may be next. From here I go to Washington.

"As ever, your friend,

BRAXTON BRAGG."

When General Thomas was in front of General Bragg at Chattanooga, he sent the latter a package of open letters from some Northerners to friends in the South, with the request that they be forwarded as addressed.

Bragg immediately sent the package back to Thomas, with an indorsement written on it to the effect that he declined to have any communication with a General who had betrayed his own State (Virginia). Thomas, in relating the incident afterward, got greatly excited, "fired up," and declared to Sherman he would some day be even with Bragg. Here is a word from General Garfield on the incident :

"HIRAM, O., August 1, 1870.

"DEAR GENERAL : Accept my thanks for your very interesting letter of the 28th ult., in regard to General Thomas. The incident concerning Bragg was characteristic of Thomas, and yet but few knew that he *could fire up* in that way.

"I am still in want of some one who was with him at Carlisle Barracks.

"With greatest respect, I am, very truly yours,

"J. A. GARFIELD.

"GEN. W. T. SHERMAN, Washington, D. C."

III.

One would imagine that if anything in the world would lead

a commander to prompt action, the following letter from General Grant to General Granger, after the battle of Chattanooga, would have had that effect. It seems it did not in this case, for Grant, to secure haste, found it necessary, almost at the start, to supersede Granger by General Sherman.

"I was loth to send Sherman," says Grant, in his Memoirs, "because his men needed rest after their long march from Memphis [four hundred miles forced march] and hard fighting at Chattanooga, but I had become satisfied that Burnside *would not be rescued* if his relief depended upon General Granger's movements." . . . "Granger had not only not started, but was very reluctant to go."

What excuse General Granger ever made for this disobedience of an important order has never yet leaked out. It might have cost the Union the capture of Burnside's army. It is safe to say, had the boys of the 15th Army Corps known the cause of their extra march to Knoxville, General Granger would have been in an uncomfortable position. Alas! were all the story told of disaster in our war, and of the hecatombs of lost through ignorance of generals, through disobedience of orders, and through being "reluctant to go," men would wonder sometimes if, after all, the good achieved had been worth the sacrifice. The bloodshed that was not of war, but of incompetency and disobedience, forms a dark picture of the great contest.

"HEADQUARTERS MIL. DIV. OF THE MISS.

"CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., November 29, 1863.

"MAJ.-GEN. G. GRANGER, Comd'g 4th Army Corps :

"GENERAL : It is now ascertained that up to the 26th inst., Longstreet had not abandoned the siege of Knoxville. Now, that Bragg's army has been driven from Chattanooga, there is no reason to suppose he will abandon the siege until forced to do so by re-enforcements sent to Burnside's aid, when he will probably take up his march eastward to rejoin Lee about Richmond, or halt where he comes to railroad connections with Richmond, but where he can still threaten East Tennessee. On the 23d inst., Gen. Burnside telegraphed that his rations would hold out ten or twelve days. At the end of this time, unless relieved from the outside, he must surrender or retreat. The latter will be an impossibility. You are now going for the purpose of relieving this garrison. You see the short time in which relief must be afforded, or be *too late*, and hence the necessity for *forced marches*. I want to urge upon you in the strongest possible manner the necessity of reaching Burnside in the shortest time. Our victory here has been complete, and if Longstreet can be driven from East Tennessee, the damage to the Confederacy will be the most crushing they have experienced during the war.

"This important task is now intrusted to *you*, and it is expected that you will do your part well.

"Use as sparingly as possible of the rations you take with you. Replenish all you can from what you find on the road, giving receipts in order that settlements may be made with loyal persons hereafter.

"Deeming what is here said as sufficient to show you the importance of *great promptitude* in the present movement, I subscribe myself,

"Very respectfully, your obd't s'v't,

U. S. GRANT,

"Maj.-Gen. Comd'g."

IV.

That corrupt politicians of both parties were using the press for their own selfish purposes in certain districts of the North during the war, was as fully realized then as now. The evils described by the lamented General Ord, in his letter to General Sherman, are probably not exaggerated. It was as common a thing then as now for politicians to own an "organ," and there were not a few generals in the field who, in a sense, did the same thing. Those who did not do it, or who, forgetting that the newspapers proposed to be their masters, drove the worst of the correspondents to the rear, were answered by a howl of calumny, the echoes of which have lingered through twenty years. It was the abuse of the press, permitted by lax laws, even when the assassin had the nation by the throat.

"CINCINNATI, O., March 6, 1863.

"MY DEAR SHERMAN : Yours of the 24th ult. I did not receive till the day before yesterday ; the previous letter in regard to Macfeely was not received at all. Macfeely has joined you by this time, I presume. I agree with you cordially in regard to the power of the press, only I go *much further*. The press is under the control of the politicians, and the latter are unscrupulous when power is in demand. They would slaughter in cold blood, as Nelson was slaughtered by them, every general from McClellan down who stood in their way—and as far as concerns the present, *they can do it*. While the two parties divided the spoils and worked together, and our forces were a unit at home, we were on the road to success in this war. As soon as they quarreled over the *spoils*, the fight became bitter throughout the North—got into the army through jealousy of politicians and perhaps *ambition* of generals. And now the two parties are trying to destroy each other as much as *we* wish to pull down the Rebels. "A house divided against itself can't stand," and until a man arises independent of parties and crushes out the fighting antagonism of *both*, we at the North are *weaker* than the South, and they know this.

"As for newspaper correspondents, and supplying or driving them out, they and the politicians who employ them are *our masters now*. The Ohio and Indiana newspapers of that party are *owned* by M—, H—, J—, & Co. They actually own such large portions of the types, presses, etc., that only *their* articles are published. I found this out in California, through Judge Thompson and others, when the Democrats were waning; their whole effort was to start presses in their interest. And now the correspondents are not only the furnishers of news, which is the moral—

or rather immoral—food of the nation, but they are in many instances the secret and confidential agents of these same politicians.

"The amount of the spoil is now so much more immense than it has ever been before that the competitors for it are resorting to the most desperate, and, in some cases, criminal means, to obtain the whole. I am, as are you and all of us, only their tools. Now this state of things cannot last in time of war. We know that; the politicians do not, for war is a new game to them. So that, although we are *not* succeeding in the war, yet it is better that it should go on than that the present state of the government should exist. It will not be long before the present or recent laws will bring things to a crisis. In the meantime save, or don't needlessly expose, yourself; you are one of the men I look to to help bring order out of this cauldron, but you are beginning at the wrong end by fighting the correspondents. Buell is another. He doubtless has done you unintentional injustice. And I can well understand, as a *gentleman* who witnessed it said to me, that when General B. and people saw the *immense* crowd of terrified, crouching, loafing, indifferent, etc., etc., etc., fugitives and *spectators* of the fight at Shiloh, he thought the whole army was there, and forgot that the small party who still *did the fighting*, and their generals, deserved all the more credit in proportion to the large number and bad condition of those who did not. But he is a true man—nerves of steel, heart of iron, and, I think, means to do right. The Lord help us all in the effort, for we make some awful blunders in trying it sometimes.

"Good-by! We used to write regularly in old times, when cares and families did not monopolize us. Now that troubles encompass us, and it needs that men who know each other should work in common, keep writing. I don't know the use in these days of doubt of *talking* or *writing* assertions of friendship and confidence. I don't think you want any from me, nor do I from you.

"Present my regards to General Grant, to General McPherson. McArthur, who is with you, is a trump, I think. Remember me to him. I took quite a liking for General Ross. Colonel Deitchler, and others; if you meet, give my regards.

"Yours truly,

ORD."

(*To be Continued.*)

S. H. M. BYERS.

DESTRUCTION OF ART IN AMERICA.

THE importance of carefully preserving valuable oil paintings can hardly be overestimated, and the neglect of those persons having public collections in their charge to take reasonable precautions for their proper protection and careful preservation ought not to be forgiven. In the United States there are but two public collections of any particular value. The first and most important belongs to the New York Historical Society, and the second is in the Corcoran Gallery, at Washington. The custodians of both are serious offenders against the welfare of the property intrusted to their care.

In Europe, particular attention is paid to what Mr. George Wallis, resident keeper of the art collections of the South Kensington Museum, characterizes as "The health of paintings." In a conversation I had with him last autumn, he said :

"There is nothing more delicate than oil paintings ; they need as much care and attention as young children ; they should be looked after every day, carefully dusted, and, when necessary, washed with cold water. The air of the rooms where they are hung should, if possible, be perfectly pure ; and in my opinion nothing can be worse for them than the effects of illuminating gas and furnace heat. We never allow either in this gallery. Our heating is by steam, and we never permit the thermometer to get above sixty degrees in any of the rooms where paintings are exhibited."

In a letter of February 18th, 1887, that gentleman gives a fuller and further expression of his views, founded upon his many years of valuable experience :

... "There can be no doubt that a low quality of gas is injurious to pictures. Our experience proves this. I have had charge of the art collections here 23 to 24 years. During the early years of that period the gas supplied to the museum was kannel or kanuel gas, comparatively pure and of high illuminating powers. I had grave doubts at that time about the effects of any kind of gas upon pictures, but never discovered any ill effects from the kannel coal gas. Later, for economy's sake, I suppose, the ordinary coal gas was substituted, and depositions on the surface of pictures not glazed, and on the glass of those glazed, were quite

sufficient to show the difference in the quality of the gas supplied, and this has resulted in our adoption of the electric light. I should consider that any system of furnace heating which carried the temperature up to 75 degrees or 80 degrees, would, ultimately, and that at no very lengthy period in what may be considered as the *life of a picture*, result in its destruction, by drying up all the paint and canvas, tending to their parting company by cracking. Our galleries are, as far as possible, kept at a uniform temperature of 57 degrees to 60 degrees; never, except by accident or from negligence, is the temperature allowed to rise to more than 60 degrees.

"I may as well add that at the Nottingham Art Museum, of which my eldest son is Director and Curator, he never allows the galleries to be heated higher than from 57 degrees to 60 degrees. The same rule is followed at the Birmingham Art Gallery, of which my youngest son is the keeper. In fact, the experience of both these young men is sufficient to prove to them what is best to be done and what ought not to be allowed."

Mr. Charles L. Eastlake, who has charge of the National Gallery, writing under date of December 20th, 1886, says :

"I have no hesitation in expressing my opinion that gas-lighting, under ordinary conditions, has an injurious effect upon oil paintings, and that the temperature which you mention (75 degrees or 80 degrees) is far too high to be safely maintained in rooms where pictures, especially those painted on panel, are exposed. In this (National) gallery, which is warmed throughout the winter by hot water service, we endeavor to keep the temperature at from 58 to 60 degrees Fahrenheit."

As a further precaution against dust and foul air, the oil paintings in the South Kensington Museum have all been placed under glass, and the National Gallery, in this respect, as fast as practicable, is following the footsteps of the South Kensington.

Sir Richard Wallace, in his new house in Manchester Square, has given to the world the most perfect private gallery for the exhibition of paintings erected in our later times. It has neither facilities for artificial heat or lighting; it is lofty, filled with light, and has an atmosphere of its own, quite as pure as can be obtained in London.

In the Louvre the old openings from the calorifère (a mild sort of hot-air stove) are being gradually closed, so that in the long hall, where the majority of the old paintings are hung, and the connecting octagon room where the Raphaels, the large paintings by Paul Veronese, and other celebrated works of the old masters are kept, the two being fully one thousand feet in length, now have only seven registers. The new gallery erected by the French Government for the Luxembourg collection, opened April 1st, 1886, consists of eleven rooms for oil-paintings, and a long one for stat-

uary. The eleven have ten registers for the emission of heat ; the one for statuary has twelve, and the thermometer in the former is never allowed to rise above fifteen centigrade. These openings are in the middle of each room under a ventilator in the skylight extending through the roof—an arrangement adopted for the purpose of carrying up and out in a vertical column the heated air, so as to prevent, as far as possible, its getting near the line of the paintings. Among the public and private galleries I have visited in Italy, upwards of sixty in number, I do not remember one that has any facilities whatever for night lighting ; and almost all are provided with the old style large fire-place for burning wood, no other method of warming having been introduced.

Further testimony proving the necessity of pure air and moderate temperature in rooms where oil paintings are hung would seem to be quite superfluous, as enough has been shown to prove that properly educated custodians of European collections are fully alive to the importance of preserving the valuable works intrusted to their care. In the United States it is quite different : we have but few collections of any value, and they are rapidly going to destruction.

Among the most culpable offenders may be named the New York Historical Society and the Corcoran Gallery at Washington.

It may be asserted, without the least fear of successful contradiction, that the rooms of the New York Historical Society contain the most interesting and valuable collection of oil paintings on this continent. There are among them examples of many of the most famous European masters of the acknowledged great schools ; and, in any other country than this, they would be intelligently cared for and receive the high appreciation to which they are entitled. There are also in the possession of that Society many portraits by the better native artists, of eminent Americans, which are of considerable artistic value and great historical importance. Taken by themselves, they form the most notable collection of its kind in the United States. But the most attractive and interesting of the whole are the examples of the old masters left to the Society by the late Thomas Jefferson Bryan, of Philadelphia, a liberal gentleman of culture far beyond his time and countrymen generally, who spent the better part of his life and fortune in bringing this collection together, then brought it to his

native country, offered it first to the City of Philadelphia, and then New York, and in each instance his offer was refused, because the *art authorities* of those cities did not regard the paintings as being worthy of house-room. Mr. Bryan then deposited them in the Cooper Union, where several were stolen, and students amused themselves in making chalk and charcoal drawings upon the painted surface of others, and punching holes in the canvas. This was during the owner's life, who, when he became aware of the vandalism which was being perpetrated in an institution devoted to "Science and Art," and to save the results of his labor of love from total destruction, personally, in a moment of despair, removed them to where they are now. The new place of deposit has turned out to be a mild sort of a frying-pan to a rather fierce fire; for furnace heat and combustion of the very impure and low grade illuminating gas with which New York is supplied, are completing the work left unfinished by the Cooper Union students. These two elements are slowly but surely doing their work, and the decomposition of colors and fading out of these paintings, the result of chemical action upon the pigments used, is only a question of date.

By the time this destruction shall be completed there may exist in this country intelligence and courage enough to ask why a wealthy association did not adopt proper measures for the preservation of art. As to the legal right of the authorities managing the affairs of that Society to care for so negligently as to bring about the destruction of valuable property, placed under their control for a public purpose, there can be no reasonable doubt. But, as to their moral right to do so, there may be some question. Clearly, Mr. Bryan originally intended his paintings to form a free public gallery. The depositing of them with the New York Historical Society was in the main compulsory—"Hobson's Choice,"—and he did it not only with the hope, but the expectation, that that Society would within a reasonable time carry out his intention; and, therefore, there exists a moral obligation carefully to preserve and publicly exhibit, and there can exist no reasonable excuse for not carrying out both conditions.

The Society cannot plead poverty, since it numbers within its organization many of the very wealthy men of New York city. Disposition and intelligence are the only qualities wanting; one day's income contributed out of the yearly revenue of each member

would purchase the land needed and pay for erecting an appropriate building. If this Society is unwilling to charge itself with the moral obligation imposed by the act of Mr. Bryan, it is its duty to the public to turn the collection over to some association having a higher regard for the solemn obligations and public rights which are clearly suffering in consequence of its negligence. And, as a last resort, public opinion ought to compel the authorities of the Society to comprehend the difference between a dog-in-the-manger policy and an enlightened public-spirited course of action.

While the offense of the New York Historical Society is very great, and calculated to deprive our people of the means of a better appreciation of art, it is nothing when compared with the negligence that has obtained in the management of the "Corcoran Gallery" at Washington. Nearly all the paintings in its large room are affected, even those of the lower line, but none so seriously as those forming the top line. Among the latter are three important works of considerable value—one by Ary Schaffer, another by Jerome, and a third by Cabanal, all large and characteristic examples of the work of the artists who painted them.

The better known of the three, and most notable, is Jeromè's great historical canvas of the "Death of Cæsar," which has ever been regarded as one of the finer works of that artist. When I saw it in February of 1886, I could hardly believe that it was the same painting I had seen in April, 1877. Upon examination, I found a very great change had taken place. Some of the body colors had gone quite out of sight; the dark pigments appeared upon the canvas like daubs of bitumen or tar; the whites had changed to a dead, dirty, brownish yellow, while the tints and light shades which originally produced the delicate gradations of color were entirely wanting. And what has been written of the Jerome will apply with equal force to the other two. The Cabanal, if anything, is worse off than the Jerome. In this instance chemical action has gone to the extent of changing the character of the color of the whole canvas. And generally, in relation to the three paintings in question, we may say that while the work of destruction is not complete, it has gone so far as to render the possibility of successful restoration an open question. It is doubtful if any restorer, however skillful, could repair the damages which ignorance and negligence have wrought.

Such are the facts. Now where is the remedy ?

Far off, I fear ; in fact, so very far away that it may only come with a better civilization, characterized by more knowledge and less conceit. But in the meantime the work of destruction goes on, and those who have the will are without the power to stem the disastrous current. A vigorously aroused, enlightened public opinion could possibly accomplish something. Mr. Corcoran is still alive, and it might cause him to make inquiry concerning the competency of the custodians having in charge the valuable property he has presented to the nation. But it is doubtful if it would move the New York Historical Society to erect a suitable building wherein to preserve the rare and valuable works of art, intended for the public, but, by an unfortunate series of circumstances, confided to the charge of that institution.

But, after all, the harm done to works composing public collections in the United States amounts to very little when compared with the destruction which is going on in the private houses of our wealthy picture-owners ; and the worst phase of this whole matter consists in the fact, that exceptional objects of great intrinsic and art value, which are being destroyed, can never be replaced.

I happen to know of a very valuable and charming collection, possessing many modern gems of the first magnitude, painted by Meissonier, Fortuny, Jerome, Vibert, Alvarez, and others, which, taken as a whole in relation to color, has, within ten years, materially changed for the worse. This collection is in a house which contains a very liberal supply of the three most potent factors in the way of manufacturing foul air and promoting disease,—the furnace ; means of an unlimited outpour of illuminating gas ; and many pots of damp-producing plants. The owner of these paintings could not have brought together within one suite of rooms three elements better calculated for insuring the results which are so painfully apparent. Another ten years of deterioration equaling in intensity the ten just past, and the financial as well as the art value of these paintings will be among the unknown quantities. And what has been written of this collection will apply with equal force to many others now contained within the walls of the average city-house.

What can be done to rescue the fine works in private hands ? The answer can be given in very few words : Give them pure air

and intelligent care. It may be insisted that neither of these conditions can be attained in a private house ; and it must be admitted that, as city residences are now constructed, heated, and divided, it would be extremely difficult. But, on the other hand, it may be insisted that persons who are able to invest large amounts of money in works of art of great merit and exceptional value can usually well afford appropriate and suitable rooms for their exhibition and preservation—rooms erected with special reference to an abundance of light and pure air, and set apart for the special purposes of art, not for every-day family use. Until some common-sense measures insuring proper protection shall be generally adopted, the work of destruction must continue, with this difference only between the present and future :—as the wealth of the country increases, the yearly average of the valuable works destroyed will become greater.

RUSH C. HAWKINS.

PROFIT-SHARING.

THE theory of wages is that competition will adjust them so as to make a perfectly fair division of products, not only between employer and the wage-earners, but also between the producers and the consumers. But among the many elements which come in to disturb this simple proposition, there are two which totally upset its equilibrium,—the excessive storing up of supplies for future use, and the combination of producers to regulate supply and prices. The former we know as over-production, the latter as pools. When we have accumulated a surplus in the hands of manufacturers and traders, we stop the competition for labor, and pay it our own price or stop it entirely. In prosperous times we pool our business and raise selling prices without raising wages. The enhanced prices are an indirect reduction of wages. The results of this process are to bring on periodical depressions in trade, fix wages which barely enable the workman to live when he has work, make him a tramp when he has none, and finally drive wage-workers into counter combinations for self-protection. Strikes, lockouts, violence, and class antagonism are the symptoms which urge upon our notice this social disease.

It is not necessary to elaborate the process by which our complex system of factory production and commercial distribution has forced the great body of mankind into working for fixed wages. The advantages of aggregated capital and facilities under a single arbitrary management, controlling a highly specialized body of workmen, is so great, that a single mechanic working on his own account cannot compete. Machinery has driven hand-shops out of existence.

This condition implies that a considerable accumulation is already in the possession of the factory principal, and that wages are paid out of the capital already in hand, instead of the product itself. It follows from this statement that workmen are de-

pendent on the capitalist class for the opportunity to earn a living. If then, by tacit understanding or express agreement, employers fix certain rates of wages which represent only a part of the product, the workmen must accept.

Capital is generated and intrenched. It has supplies to withstand a siege. It has a community of interest which insures concurrent action. By limiting wages to an amount considerably short of the whole product, accumulation of surplus proceeds at a rapid rate until it must be curtailed. Consumption is regulated by the ability to buy. The commercial system is an extended and interdependent one. Wages being relatively low, and many consumers being idle, demand is restricted. The depression is cumulative.

We thus trace depressions in trade directly to the unelastic wages which at one time reserve a large surplus of the factory product, and subsequently curtail production until the surplus is disposed of. Carrying the examination farther, we find that the surplus has been in part diverted to unproductive investments, or to excessive capacity in certain lines of manufacture. The trouble lies in the rigidity of the wages. If these bore an elastic relation to the quantity produced and the market value of the product, the advantages of machinery and division of labor in large factories would result in affording a much larger share of comfort and leisure, and would at the same time afford continuous work and uniform demand. The economic effect is very similar to that of slave labor, with the added difficulty of uncertainty on either side.

In addition to wastefulness of undue accumulation which falls into unproductive channels, and the wastefulness of great numbers thrown wholly out of productive employment, it is manifest also that work will not be so energetic or so painstaking when done for a fixed price per day as if it were done for a fixed proportion of the value produced. This is fully realized by the economy which all manufacturers recognize in piece-work as compared with day wages.

Mechanics object to piece-work on the ground that employers take advantage of it to enforce a more inflexible minimum of wages; but that the system yields far greater efficiency is well known. The proof is clear that a man working for himself will be the more efficient. The principle involved is precisely the

same as that which makes free labor more valuable per man than slave labor.

Simple co-operation, by which every participant in work should participate equally in the product, would appear to be the natural remedy. But this ignores the wide divergence there is in qualifications, and ignores the value and self assertion of energetic spirits, whose exceptional ability, or industry, or energy enable them to earn more, and by their tact to get more, of the product than their fellows. Co-operation, with graded wages and graded interests, has met with measurable success. It has much to recommend it. It labors, however, under two serious difficulties—lack of capital, which is required to afford competing facilities, and lack of concentrated authority in management. It is probably true that autocratic government, when its head is able and devoted to its task, is more efficient than a representative government. Upon this head Herbert Spencer has made an elaborate and conclusive argument in favor of representative government for doing that which he thinks government should do—securing justice; but in favor of an autocratic form for doing that which he believes government should not do—the conduct of community business.

The administration by one permanent head is a necessity, if the best results in manufacturing are to be attained. Such heads, as a rule, will be an evolution of the fittest. They are most frequently drawn from the rank and file, promoted by reason of adaptability to their station. The relation of master and servant appears historically to be itself an evolution: first, as slave, without rights; then as serf, with certain personal, but no property, rights; and, at the present time, wage-workers, nominally free, but in reality dependent.

Differentiation into classes as master and man is a natural one in any state of civilization yet attained. It cannot be alleged that in any stage of this development the relation has been one of harmonious interests. The innate disposition of every individual to look primarily to his own advantage leads logically to antagonism. It is true this egoism is modified very largely by enlightened altruism; but in the main issues the man who pays wages and he who draws them will each take the largest share he can get. The highest advantage would evidently accrue if a labor system were devised, whereby these adverse interests should become identified.

Such a system should be evolved from that which has preceded it. It should retain the strength and coherence of a single head and authority, the recognition of superior ability, and of the main-springs of human motives. It should discard as unworthy of our civilization the commercial maxim of supply and demand, as applied to human beings in common with goods and chattels. It should build up an ambitious self-interest by enabling every man to benefit by his exertions and good conduct.

Such a system would derive a direct and important advantage by reason of its immunity from strikes and forced stoppages from dissension. It would obviate depressions in trade by paying out to those who would legitimately consume it the surplus remaining after allowing a proper accumulation of productive capital.

Profit-sharing, in the hands of men who properly comprehend the duties which pertain to power, seems to meet the requirements suggested. Under this plan it is assumed that the capital invested has been earned by those who own it. It is therefore entitled to interest at current rate as its wages. The customary salaries, wages, expenses, and interest having been paid, the remainder is a surplus to be divided ratably between those who have produced it. The wages paid are assumed to be adjusted to the relative value of each person concerned. By adding together the entire amount of wages paid for the fiscal year, including interest as the wages to capital, the per cent. of profit is ascertained, and by applying this percentage to the wages of each man his share is arrived at.

If it is objected that in a new country like ours there is required a larger accretion to productive capital than mere interest, and that it would impair the development of an enterprise if so large a portion of its earnings were at once distributed, the division may be made in certificates in lieu of cash. These certificates should be placed on a par with the initial capital, having all its advantages and subject to all its hazard, thus adding a new bond and increased incentive. The plan may diverge materially from the formula here given without impairing its efficiency. The division may be made upon wages and capital instead of wages and interest, thus giving a larger share to the owner of the capital, or a fixed portion of the profits may be given the managers, and the remainder divided. The beneficiaries may be classified as to length of service and special faithfulness.

By reason of the advantages offered, and this premium for continuity of service, there would be evolved a force comprising the best of their class. The shiftless would be displaced by the thrifty, who appreciated such benefits. The superior quality of men, their direct interest in producing the most and the best work, the immunity from strikes and stoppages, would give such a factory advantages which would more than compensate in dollars for the dividends, not to mention its important social and ethical function.

The plan is applied with equal facility to every class of business, as it rests automatically upon conditions already in effect. There is no change in management, none in ownership, nor in wages. It is not new and visionary. It has been in use for many years in great iron foundries, in piano works, and in house building trades in France and Germany. In collieries and woolen mills in England and in this country, there are to-day a considerable number of factories, large and small, employing profit-sharing in some form.

The most developed example of profit-sharing is that of Mons. Godin, at Guise, France. Godin is a student and writer upon sociology as well as a successful manufacturer. He employs about 1,000 men in making stoves. Forty-five years ago he started in a small shop, now standing in the centre of the present extensive grounds. About fifteen years ago, acting as well upon social as upon commercial grounds, he adopted the plan of sharing profits with all his permanent workmen.

At the same time he began organizing a complete society of those connected with his works. He erected a commodious apartment house, capable of housing comfortably one hundred families, and provided with ample corridors, stairways, and a covered court. Within it were his own apartments, his newspaper and printing office, a co-operative store, and adjacent to it was a day nursery for children, a gymnasium, amateur theatre, school, play grounds, and park. This "Famillistiere" he placed in charge of a board of control, elected by the occupants to administer all its joint affairs, but leaving each family entirely independent, rent being charged according to the quality of the suites, and at such rate as to pay expenses and interest on capital. Subsequently, he erected two similar flats, and some smaller ones. On the writer's visit, he found an unusual degree of comfort, cleanliness, and brightness.

Godin organized his entire force into four classes, the first consisting of himself and the heads of departments, who constitute the Board of Directors, the other three classes being graded by length and value of service. After paying usual salaries and wages and interest on capital at five per cent., twenty-five per cent. of the profits goes to the first class, of which the Director General, Godin, receives twelve, a certain portion goes to educational, provident and other community objects, and the remainder, about fifty per cent., is divided upon the total of wages and interest fund; the three classes of workmen receiving in the proportion of 2, 1½, and 1.

Fifteen years have yielded dividends on wages amounting to \$650,000, most of which the workmen have invested in shares of the corporation.

Two per cent. of the profits is reserved as a premium fund for inventions and labor-saving improvements.

Whatever may be the state of trade, Godin can keep in full blast. He has the best appliances, the highest organization, and the best men. If the dullness of trade forces others to close, Godin can make such prices as will secure orders, because his men are active partners, and will rather keep at work than stop.

An unsuccessful experiment was that of the Messrs. Briggs, owners of an English colliery, employing several thousand men. They had been involved in strikes, and profit-sharing was resorted to as a compromise. Bad blood and distrust existed. The Briggs were conscientious men, but they proposed profit-sharing rather as an expedient than as a principle. It happened that the price of coal advanced abnormally. Enormous profits were made. Their men were of the most ignorant, and fully identified with Unions. It was charged that undue scaling down of the plant was resorted to for the reduction of dividends, and when in the midst of dazzling prosperity a great miners' strike was organized in that part of England, the Briggs men yielded to the persuasions of their less fortunate fellows and struck. This ended the experiment, but in a published letter the surviving partner states that he believes under ordinary conditions the plan is practicable.

At the beginning of last year one of the manufacturing corporations under my control issued the following announcement to its employes :

"Beginning with January 1st, 1886, we propose to divide the profits made in

our business upon the following basis : After allowing seven per cent. interest on actual capital invested, the remainder will be divided *pro rata* upon the total amount of wages paid and capital employed. Each employé will get his proportion according to the amount of wages paid him for the year. This will apply to all persons who have served the company six months or over, within the year, and have not been discharged for misconduct. You may select from among yourselves a custodian to hold an agreement of the foregoing purport, and he may examine the closing of our books at the end of the year." * * *

The early half of the year was especially full of agitation and strikes. When the eight-hour movement was in progress, we, in concert with kindred manufacturers, adopted fifty-five hours as a week's work, at full pay. Finding later that the movement had failed, and our competitors had not adhered to the reduced hours, our men unanimously requested a return to full hours.

At the close of the year we declared a dividend of five per cent. on wages, and left it optional to draw this in cash or in certificates entitling the holder to the same rate of interest and dividend for the coming year which our own capital might receive. Less than one-tenth elected to take cash.

For the current year we place one-tenth of the profits in a permanent provident fund for disabled employés, and one-tenth in a surplus fund to meet possible future reverses. Twenty-five per cent. additional dividend is paid to such men as shall have been in continuous service as much as eighteen months at the close of the year, and shall be the holders of certificates for their last year's dividend, this being a premium on permanence and thrift.

We have taken pains to simplify every arrangement and avoid the possibility of suspicion. We announced our plan in the briefest terms ; imposed no contra conditions, and delivered to a custodian selected by the men a legal contract embodying the proposition made. The plan has worked to the satisfaction of ourselves and our men in the fullest degree.

N. O. NELSON.

METEOROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.

TIME is the touch-stone of prophecy, and in many respects the only reliable test of all theories whatever. In the Court of Science no hypothesis, however plausible, can be definitely accepted till the unanimous verdict of experience has confirmed its claim, and the discovery of any new evidence, clearly at variance with those claims, at once opens the case for a new trial. A few years ago a champion of alcoholic beverages tried to establish his tenets by calling attention to the analogies of the human and simian organism, and the alleged fact that monkeys are naturally fond of ardent drinks, so much, indeed, that the Abyssinian mountaineers need only expose a pailful of plum brandy to attract and befuddle all the baboons they want to catch. The argument seemed, indeed, a valid basis for all sorts of inferences, till Brehm ascertained the circumstance that the seductive fluid requires so large an admixture of saccharine elements as to completely disguise its taste, and that a baboon, caged up within reach of raw brandy, will crouch down and suffer like an Iowa jurymen, rather than quench its thirst with the obnoxious liquor. And even with demonstrably correct premises, the logic of the inference may be vitiated by the omission of recondite factors, as in the argument of Ehrenberg's "Parable for Dogmatists":—"Suppose that a limited acquaintance with mountain heights had given us reason to infer that highlands were warmer than valleys, would not a majority of natural philosophers promptly explain the assumed fact on a well-established rule of thermal phenomena? 'Warm air ascends,' they would argue, 'as you may see by lighting a fire under an open balloon, or by watching the sparks of the chimney flue. Cold air descends, as you may ascertain by lowering a thermometer into a well or cave. Therefore, valleys *must* be cooler than mountain peaks. Besides, the latter are so much nearer the sun, and catch its first and last rays.' Nine out of ten students,

not to mention the legion of repeaters (*Nach-beter*), would reverently admit the cogency of the argument till some irreverent investigator should happen to prove the existence of snow on the top of all very high mountains."

The suggestions of that parable are often recalled by the dogmatism of our meteorological and geological theorists. An influential faction of the inquirers—or inquisitors—of the latter class, for instance, have agreed to combine against every opponent of the "subsidence theory of seismic phenomena," the hypothesis, namely, that the more violent earthquakes are caused by the gradual contraction of the earth's crust and the consequent occasional collapse of subterranean rock-vaults,—in opposition to the view that the infiltration of water upon the furnaces of the interior earth and the dynamic omnipotence of expanding steam are amply sufficient to account for the upheaval of the superincumbent strata. An exponent of the latter theory suggests that all the conditions favoring the possibility of that infiltration would be combined at the bottom of deep marine basins, where the crust dividing the torrid *inferno* from the elements of the upper world is often from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand feet thinner than in the deepest valleys of terra firma, besides being subjected to the dissolving influence and the tremendous pressure of the superimposed water-masses. The subsidence theory still prevails; but it so happens that the volcanoes of the earth are all ranged along the shores of the deepest seas, and that earthquakes show a similar bias of topographical predilection. A coast-belt of fifty miles along the shores of the ocean and deep inland seas would comprise the scenes of all violent earthquakes: Lisbon, Messina, Lima, Caracas, Antioch, Batavia, Charleston, and San Salvador, the rare exception being limited to the lower valleys of deep rivers with a swamp delta of insignificant elevation above the level of its estuary. Hot springs and jets of vapor, bursting from the rocks of a coast-range, have often heralded the approach of an earthquake, and the emanation of pent-up steam, in a more diffused form, through countless fissures and caves, might account for that curious haze which has so often been observed on the eve of a seismic upheaval. On the day before the Charleston earthquake it clouded the Eastern Alleghanies from Georgia to Maryland; on the day before the last Mediterranean earthquake it clouded the Western Apennines and the Lepontine Alps. "Many

of the strongest shocks on this coast," says Professor Hittell (*Resources of California*, p. 44), "have been preceded by a condition of the atmosphere very similar to that which precedes thunder-storms in other lands. When the weather is sultry and oppressive in San Francisco, people say, 'Look out for an earthquake!' and it usually comes." "*La Niebla*," the Spanish-Americans call that condition of the atmosphere, and never question the theory connecting its origin with the influence of a subterranean hypocaust. On that theory earthquakes *might* be predicted. That they can *not* be predicted on any correlatives of the subsidence hypothesis, or of Kluge's "sidereal theory," is frankly admitted by Professor Montessus, of the meteorological observatory at San Salvador, Central America (*Revue Scientifique*, March, 1886). "But," he adds, "while I do not think it is possible in the present state of knowledge to predict earthquakes, I believe that their phenomena are connected with atmospheric conditions, which, subjected to a systematic study, might lead to the discovery of some law. This is so true that persons who have lived long in the country often say when they meet, without knowing why, 'there will be an earthquake to-day,' and they are seldom mistaken."

During the night before the catastrophe that convulsed the rocks of the Riviera, the waters of the Mediterranean suddenly receded *twenty-two inches* below their normal level, and the Genoese fishermen at once stood out for the open sea, rightly concluding that "there must be some trouble brewing." If that trouble had been caused by the subsidence of subterranean strata, a violent shock would immediately have followed that collapse, but if the recession of the sea was induced by an ingulfment of its deeper waters through a fissure in the bottom of the basin, the inchoate struggle between heat and moisture, and the momentary depressing thermal effect of the invading flood, could sufficiently account for a short delay in the crisis of the catastrophe. The utter fatuity of the "sidereal conjunction hypothesis" has been so clearly proved in the course of the last four years that neither Professor Kluge nor Mr. Wiggins are apt to found their future predictions on the claim of astronomical observations.

The rain and storm bulletins of our meteorological observatories are founded on less spurious data, but only a small minority of their readers may realize how rarely the correctness of their prog-

nosis can be guaranteed for a limited space of time or territory. Weather predictions, in their present form, are, in fact, mostly nothing but generalizations of an *ex post facto* inference. A humid coast-wind, or a polar wave, reach a given point, at a time, with a speed, and in a direction offering data for the conclusion that in a certain number or hours the same phenomena will be experienced at certain other points, and thus furnish a basis for more extensive prognostications, or that a cyclone, turning in the curve of an ascertained ellipse, will gradually work back towards its focus of origin,—always barring the possibility of unforeseen and unforeseeable counteracting influences. There are local as well as territorial causes of weather phenomena. A tendency to a change from dry to humid weather may spread from the valley of the Mississippi to Alabama, and justify the hope that in the course of a certain day a protracted drought will be likewise broken in the State of Georgia. On the morning of that day, the expected clouds, perhaps, actually appear on the horizon of Atlanta, and gradually overspread the whole firmament; but the expected rain may, after all, be vouchsafed only to regions where rainshowers have been of frequent occurrence all through the summer, such as the bottom lands of a large stream or the valleys of a humid mountain forest, while the arid plateaux, where rain is most sorely needed, may be disappointed in their hope of a single drop. Nay, in the treeless plains the drought may become more grievous, from the tendency of a cloudy sky to diminish the blessing of heavy night dews. Tornadoes, after following their curve for hours, may suddenly veer off at a tangent to their former course; in March, a sudden north wind may precipitate, in the form of snow, the atmospheric moisture of extensive woodlands, and thus rivet the fetters of winter for weeks to come, while a little further southwest the same wind may break the veil of light nimbus clouds and inaugurate a period of genial sunshine.

For the purposes of local vaticination, the science of meteorology, has, in fact, not yet reached the degree of exactness that would justify farmers and hunters in discarding the aid of our traditional weather rules, or diminish the value of an as yet unwritten work, combining those rules in anything like a coherent system. Nay, for domestic purposes the formulation even of unconnected, and apparently unexplained, weather maxims would often enable their adept to modify a programme based

upon the augurations of the city newspaper. No theorem of our Government aruspices has, for instance, as yet explained the curious fact that in nine out of ten cases a Texas "norther" prevails for exactly three days, and that in the Middle States three days of winter frosts, or winter sunshine, are as invariably followed by a protracted rain. Dove's rule explains, or at least records, the fact that in the Northern Hemisphere the wind generally veers from left to right, thus (with occasional fluctuations) completing its circle from East to South, West and North, rather than in the opposite direction. But how does that rule, or any other known law of atmospherical tendencies, account for the circumstance that a polar wave following a period of rains and *south winds* is always more violent and chilly than a wave from the same direction following a period of rains and protracted *west winds*; in other words, that after a turn through the semi-circle of the compass, the fury of a blizzard is more outrageous than after a turn through a quarter segment? The evidence of the thermometer proves that the difference is not due to an apparent effect of contrast, and there is no imaginable clew to the causal connection of the consecutive phenomena, yet the fact can be verified a dozen times in the course of any North American winter. A chilly rain may set in with a west wind (as in Kentucky with the moist northwest gales from the Mississippi Valley), and continue for days, and the subsequent north wind will bring nothing but a welcome change to clearer, though slightly cooler, weather. But after a south-wind rain, often attended with positively sultry weather, and even with thunder showers, the ensuing north wind is sure to stampede the cattle in every direction and make the elated mercury shrink with the suddenness of a bribed quorum.

Again, who has not often noticed the fact that, on a murky winter's day, swift-driving white clouds bring rain, but lowering, dun clouds snow? "Look at those slate-colored streaks, we'll have another big snow before long;" "There's that smoky sky again, we'll get another week's sleighing before the end of this winter," are familiar phrases all over the North States of our Union.

"Evening red and morning gray,
Helps the traveler on his way,"

says an old adage, and I have often suspected that the second half of the first line has been added merely for the sake of the rhyme. A bright day begins with a bright, as often as with a

cloudy, morning, but a ruddy sunset is an almost infallible fair weather omen, though it is a singular fact that rain does not follow upon a cloudy evening half as certainly as upon a pale bright, or yellowish bright, evening. A reddish, transparent evening sky, or often yet a sunset sky streaked with crimson, thin-drawn clouds, means fair weather in nineteen out of twenty cases, and the rule holds good in the sierras of southern Mexico, as well as on the plains of the upper Missouri and the highlands of the southern Alleghanies. *Latet causa, res tamen notissima*, and the scientific progress of the next seven centuries may fail to furnish a plausible explanation, but that does not impair the practical utility of the rule.

Storms, too, are heralded by all sorts of portents not mentioned in the index of General Myer's manual, such as the souging, intermittent gusts of a warm night wind, sudden dust whirls breaking the lethargy of a sultry afternoon, and a peculiar, diffused appearance of the above-mentioned saffron colored sunset, which often causes the schooners of the Caribbean Sea to reef their sails in wild haste, before there is a single cloud in sight. Not every calm portends a storm, but in cloudy weather sailors dread that heavy and breathless torpor of the atmosphere that gives the surface of the sea a *leaden* appearance, and the herders of the Mexican sierras hurriedly drive their flocks to shelter if they find that the approach of night fails to lower the temperature of the highlands, or that a blast of wind sways the treetops of a special hillside, while not a break stirs the forests of the surrounding mountains. The latter phenomenon may be analogous to the approach of what sailors call a "white squall" ploughing its way through a circumscribed tract of the sea, but squalls are often the concomitants of thunder showers, which, in the Cordilleras, are as rare as in upper California.

The general rule, that evaporation causes a decrease of temperature, is curiously modified by the thermal influence of large freshets following a heavy fall of winter rains. In the Ohio Valley, for instance, the devastating floods of the last ten years nearly invariably inaugurated a period of mild, moist weather, often strangely confined to the neighborhood of the submerged districts. Wave after wave of cold currents might sweep down from the north, and prevail for an hour or two, but the contact with the atmosphere of the inundated lowlands at once seemed to temper their

force and mock the persistent display of a "blizzard signal." Floods are but rarely checked by protracted frosts, and if sea water has an analogous influence, the irruption of the Zuyder Sea might really account for that series of mild winters which the chronicles of North Holland associate with the submergence of the coast districts, though Camper ascribes both the effect and its alleged cause to the disappearance of the woodlands, sacrificed to the naval enterprises of the same century.

But there is no doubt that forest destruction, on a large scale, tends to aggravate the severity of summer droughts and winter floods, and if unvaried analogies of cause and effect can furnish data for a long-range prognosis of meteorological events, we might venture the prediction that before the end of the next century the uplands of all our Southern and Western cotton States will become dependent on irrigation, and that in the Ohio Valley the alternative of protective forest laws will be the construction of protective dikes from Pittsburgh to Cairo. On the Atlantic coast, too, many navigable rivers will become fordable brooks in September and raging seas in March; the summers of our entire Atlantic slope will become dryer, and the winters rainier and milder.

For the purpose of such forecasts the study of international weather charts might lead to less popular predictions than the calculation of local horoscopes for the next twenty-four hours; yet an impartial comparison of the results would, on the whole, justify the conclusion that meteorology, as a science, can discern the portents of the sky from a distance too misty for the optical resources of the unaided eye, which, nevertheless, may read the presage of the day by omens not dreamed of in the dogmas of telescopic philosophy.

FELIX L. OSWALD.

THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

TRANSPORTATION, previous to the present time, was a matter of muscle, of currents of wind, of currents of water ; it lacked the unifying element that is attached to steam, to electricity, to gas. Wherein does this unifying element consist ? It is in the limitless nature of these expanding and propelling forces. They can be supplied inexhaustibly, and the cost of their production is no gauge whatever of their value. Wherein, then, is the limitation in their use ? It is in their plant, in the right to use a plant, and in the demand for the services they can perform. The plant, on the ground of its cost and the right to have a plant, practically gives to the possessors of this plant the possession and control of these forces that exist so inexhaustibly in nature ; if some one by some unusual and extraordinary means makes the lodgment of another plant or fraction of a plant, it soon becomes incorporated and unified with the other, and the matter stands as before, controlling and administering the forces of nature in the services which they perform for humanity. Up to a certain point additions, perhaps by encroachment or competition, are made upon the plant, but a point is at length reached where wants are fully provided for, and from this point the possessors of the plant are in full possession of administrative powers of very important natural forces, and of forces that have come to be part of the existence of people living in society.

The use of these forces in this way has become so great that they seem almost half of our modern life, and they are indiscriminately classified with other activities.

What are other activities of ordinary life ?

Production of articles of human necessity from the soil.

Raising raw articles to higher values by manufacture.

Trade (excluding transportation as above described), part of

which is the function of the merchant, and part the function of the banker.

Communication of intelligence without reference to form, as elemental, business, artistic, spiritual.

In these four classes of activities there is no permanent unifying element. The man or the firm is a unit, acts for himself or itself, and is in competition with others of the same class. These four are competitive activities, while those springing from transportation are non-competitive, or are only temporarily competitive.

In these non-competitive activities is the basis of innumerable lives of ease, of luxury, of indulgence, of indolence, of non-activity. It has been the thought and hope of many that there would be a regulative influence upon large fortunes of this kind in the death of their possessors and the distribution which would then take place; that among the successors there would be a rapid decadence of the spirit of thrift, through ease, and indulgence, and lack of incentive, and that the original fortunes would soon pass to new holders, and so there would be an avoidance of any excessive number of great fortunes, which we have been taught to believe in this republican country is an evil. This matter has not had time to work itself out; we are yet in the first generation of most of the great fortunes, and so can only take an *à priori* view of the later distribution. It is idle for us to try to be very wise upon this point; to know whether the distribution talked about will work any serious corruption in society through degeneracy of the distributors, will breed in juxtaposition with the deprivations of others any serious tumults, whether there will not be a considerable number who will not squander but will hoard, whether great fortunes will not come together by marriage and descent, and whether each generation will not add to the number by fresh creations, and so the evil, and embarrassment, and departure from the traditional *régime* of the country which this generation has seen be maintained and perpetuated in other generations.

The menace and the danger and the injury to the institutions of our country and the happiness of our people that come from fortunes, come chiefly from those fortunes that rest upon the non-competitive activities that distribute nature's forces by means that cannot be duplicated, either by reason of no necessity for more

means, or because the State is not willing to put up with the inconvenience and injury to other properties which such duplication would imply, or because additional means would be swallowed up by existing ones.

As the creation of the means of transportation has been the great feature of active life of the past twenty years, so the control of these means, quite different in character from the creation of them, has been the chief prize that has been struggled for.

The great instrument for securing this control has been the Stock Exchange of the City of New York. Here have been focused the railroad properties of this country. It is easy enough for one who has the money to go where they have articles for sale and buy anything there, but this goes a very little way towards describing the transactions of a stock exchange. The chief indices of a stock exchange, and differentiating it from ordinary places where buying and selling go on, are the "margin" and the "short sale."

The two following tables illustrate what can be done on a stock exchange starting with a capital of \$100,000 and with uninterrupted progress either on the bull or the bear side, the earnings being reinvested at each three per cent. advance or decline. The effect, of course, is precisely the same whatever may be the value of the stock at the outset—\$100 being taken as an illustration—and whether the dealings are in one or a number of stocks. We see how a change of fifteen per cent. either way with \$100,000 invested makes nearly \$1,000,000, from which is to be deducted the brokerage, and on the long account the interest on the money invested, and on the short account the money paid for the use of shares borrowed to deliver, and of which the operator becomes "short," and which consequently stands in lieu of the interest expense on the long account.

THE LONG ACCOUNT.

Capital.	Mar- gin. Per ct.	Value of stock pur- chased.	Price per share.	Number of shares pur- chased.	Total of purchase money and margin.	Gain by 3 per ct. advance.
\$100,000	5	\$2,000,000	\$100	20,000	\$2,100,000	\$60,000
180,000	5	3,200,000	103	31,087.9	3,360,000	96,000
256,000	5	5,120,000	106.09	48,260.9	5,376,000	153,600
409,600	5	8,192,000	109.27	74,970.2	8,601,600	245,760
655,360	5	13,107,200	112.55	116,467	13,762,560	293,216
1,048,576	5	20,971,520	115.91	180,920	22,020,096	629,145

THE SHORT ACCOUNT.

Capital.	Mar- gin. Per ct.	Value of stock sold.	Price per share.	Number of shares sold.	Money in- vested, margin only.	Gain by 3 per ct. decline.
\$100,000	5	\$2,000,000	\$100	20,000	\$100,000	\$60,000
160,000	5	3,200,000	97	32,987.7	160,000	96,000
256,000	5	5,120,000	94.09	54,415.9	256,000	153,600
409,600	5	8,192,000	91.27	89,755.6	409,600	245,760
655,360	5	13,107,200	88.54	148,037	655,360	393,216
1,048,576	5	20,971,520	85.89	244,167.1	1,048,576	629,145

In the last of the transactions recorded on the short account, the number of shares sold can be seen to be 244,167, and on the long account the number purchased 180,920. This would be no very surprising amount of business with an aggregate say of 700,000 to 800,000 shares traded in per day, and which the New York Stock Exchange has shown in an active season many days in succession, and with business one day last December amounting to 1,200,000 shares. *The thing is to have the market in your favor, and this is what the business of this country has greatly hinged upon during the last twenty years.* To the fact that certain men have been able to have the market in their favor we can ascribe very largely the present distribution of wealth. This advantage rests upon superior knowledge and the power of manipulation. Some fluctuations are natural in their character, and he who has the advantageous point of observation can anticipate them and act accordingly, and, occupying a point from which he can observe all facts, with the power of great capital, with facilities for "rigging" the market in its various forms by lying reports, by withheld reports, by deceptions in regard to earnings, by making money plentiful or scarce in the loan market, he can produce his own fluctuations, and get the benefit of them. Of course, it is "Napoleons" required to do this, but Napoleons arise in the emergencies that give them opportunity to work. The railroad management of this country is not yet solidified, and the gravest jealousies exist, but they are becoming less. Families and individuals gorged with wealth may not enter the struggle, they may prefer repose to new ambitious schemes, and again, others in this position are still insatiate.

The construction of railroads is not alone the opportunity of egregious wealth.

Let us summarize the excessive weight and accompaniments of the transportation magnates in the affairs of this nation :

They have captured many choice transportation properties ; the

properties run on assessments, on receivers' certificates, on promises to pay, they are not known to be much interested in ; they do not care to interfere with the perfect liberty of the public to hold these properties.

Their properties grow apace ; see the progress from the first to the second Vanderbilt, \$100,000,000 grown to \$300,000,000 in less than ten years, and the second Vanderbilt with no record for ability until his accumulations clearly evinced themselves.

The very laugh of the augurs regarding the political issues ; the one political issue that they know is not to have their franchises impaired.

Their wealth and the political weight it carries with it on the side of the *status quo* in economics and politics. Controlling important commercial affairs through transportation, and eliminating competition here as well as in transportation itself.

Impairing the influence of the vote and of the patriotic voice and energy of the individual, the unit on which must rest the safety of popular institutions.

Clogging the wheels of parliamentary, which is, or should be, free government.

Throwing suspicion upon, and impairing the impartiality of, the courts.

Becoming the governors and dispensers of patronage of the nation.

Lack of sympathy with the average man, who lives by his competitive labor.

Establishing sycophancy by means of their untrammelled power as an important element in political, business, and social life. By the excessive accumulation of themselves and of those near them reducing the possible accumulations of multitudes of others, and so impairing the consumptive power of the nation and consequent demand upon production. (This point is becoming a controverted one by the friends of the present system of distribution of wealth and a new special school of political economists, they claiming that free consumption is waste and that it is better the power of consumption should be limited through restricted means of gratifying it on the part of the many.)

Beyond acting as administrators, or quasi administrators of the property they represent, contributing nothing to the social economy proportionate to the power lodged with them.

Establishing a taxing and administrative governing power entirely independent of and beyond the reach of the people.

Corrupting political life in its source, the suffrage power, and in all its ramifications.

Impairing the traditions of the nation, violating the most accepted ideas of justice, and leading us to we know not what, but threatening of anarchy, despotism, or a complacent loss of liberty and independence.

The railroad system of the country works toward a single management, an entirety, a pool. The telegraph system has almost reached it. The gas service of cities has reached it, or is rapidly reaching it, and the same is true of the street car systems. They follow the precedents of the postal service, the water, and the sewerage systems of cities. Except in the case of the post-office, water, and sewerage, these are new facts—new economic facts—none of them had hardly revealed itself longer ago than ten or fifteen years, although we had from the first the prophecy of Stephenson regarding railroads, that where combination is possible competition is impossible. The political economy of Great Britain that was rounded and perfected as a science after the repeal of the Corn Laws, but has since been so demolished in its wage fund theory, that now rests so unsteadily on its premises in the theory of Malthus, and that in general has suffered rack, had incorporated nothing on the unity of transportation, and it is a fresh subject for this generation with which to deal.

This country has been singularly destitute of any economic regimen. Our health has been so rude and strong that we have needed none. We could look to our Western domain and bid defiance to the economies practiced by the old and the circumscribed nations. Turned in upon themselves they have studied things that we have not studied; we have almost thought that there were new laws of humanity for us. We are becoming somewhat rudely aroused to the fact that there are laws for the government of our constitution, nor can we hardly believe that they are a different set of laws from what govern our fellow mortals in other lands. One thing stands out: the authorities of other countries have had some system, some policy in regard to railroads,—we have had none except to let them take care of themselves. We find ourselves now, however, in the presence of a problem in connection with them.

One thing it is well to bear in mind—there is no fore-ordination in national affairs. A nation can be wise and it can be foolish. Providence takes no more recognition of fifty millions of people than of one, and its laws are alike immutable for bumble bees, associations of men, the earth's crust, and the sidereal system. We have felt so assured of our political future that we have chiefly regarded politics as a play, something to be perfunctorily gone through with as a pleasure, and for the glory of it, and to which only slightly differing degrees of prosperity attached; serious national life has not penetrated, or has only just begun to penetrate, our politics. Our Civil War itself, exceedingly serious before its close, had not a serious inception in the minds of any great number of people. Each side, in its way, looked for only a flash of powder and "glory," and American optimism saw nothing serious or evil to come from it.

Other nations have grown apace in the governing function with the railroad development; we have not.

One thing we are beginning to recognize—that there are great economic advantages in a centralized management. We see an immense evil in too many railroads: the country cannot assimilate them. Financial skill directed to railroads, as now developed, is to enable them to live on almost nothing; is for one railroad to get the better of another railroad; is to wipe out indebtedness and to start anew; is to be able to borrow money on shadowy prospects of being able to repay it. No railroad financier, or scarcely any, creates business for his railroad; the best he can hope for is to get a lion's share of what there is, and after everything is considered, circumstances generally make the financial position of the road. Financing in railroads, aside from economy in construction and management, is mostly pure friction, in which innocent parties are the sufferers. All this is greatly eliminated by the pool. The argument that favors an East and West-bound pool, a Pacific pool, a Southwest pool, a passenger pool, favors, a step further on, a pool of all sections, of all roads, and of all divisions of the business; we then reach the result to which we are now tending. It is not in legislative bills, nor in the *American Eagle*, however high he may soar or excitedly he may flap his wings, to keep this back. The impotence of this nation regarding railroads may be added to

by obstruction, power developed by action harmonious with manifest destiny.*

The question of the future of railroads in this country is not in regard to a growing centralization of management ; that is already provided for by natural laws of association that have a higher charter than those that can be put upon statute books of states or nation. What concerns us now to consider is, how the centralization is to be superintended and guided, whether with an evolution favorable to us as a people, or favorable to private wealth and the violence to common prosperity which that implies.

It is not to be denied that great national prosperity can exist with wealth and power in few hands ; it is almost the history of advanced nations and of civilization that it is so. With leaders that can wield the power of the nation, with a learned class to absorb the knowledge and the arts of the time and to advance them, there are possessed all the conditions necessary for a strong, advancing, and wise nation ; but we, the United States, claim to be on higher ground and to have drawn, and to be able to draw, other nations to higher ground ; we claim that we are a nation of the people, by the people, and for the people, and will make others such ; but with a powerful organization or a few powerful organizations controlling the railroads of the country and in great measure only under nominal subjection to the power of the people through their representatives in legislative, executive, and judicial positions, we have made a distinct movement backward ; we are going backward while other nations are going forward, and

* This was written before the recently enacted Inter-State Commerce Law had been proposed in Congress. That law, in prohibiting "the pooling of freights of different and competing railroads, or dividing between them the aggregate or net proceeds of the earnings of such railroads" prohibits the main feature of the railroad pool, but it has other features. Those features pertain chiefly to the publicity of tariffs and the settlements of accounts and balances between railroads as by a clearing-house. One railroad, as the business is now developed, and except in the case of a few leading lines, without dependence upon other roads, would do almost exclusively a local business, and would be, either in one or both extremities, "from nowhere to nowhere." This community of interest is likely to hold together in any event a joint agency of the railroads. It now remains to see what will be the result of the prohibition of the main feature of the pool, and inasmuch as the new law can be accepted as the highest wisdom of the chief law-makers of the nation on the subject of Inter-State commerce in their collective capacity, it is the duty of all to accept it in good faith, and to rest assured that the period of Congressional neglect on this subject is over, and that if it proves imperfect, it can be readily amended.

J. C. W.

we stand guilty at the bar of national jurisprudence of infidelity to the principles we have so flauntingly proclaimed.

The very exigencies of an equitable public control of these properties of the nation and of cities may bring about, in greater or less degree, national and municipal ownership. In that case is the individual as such enfeebled by deprivation of power or of fields of activity? No! There still remain the four classes of activities laid down earlier in this article as the province of the individual, viz.: Production of articles of human necessity from the soil; raising new articles to higher values by manufacture; trade (excluding transportation as described), part of which is the function of the merchant and part the function of the banker; communication of intelligence, elemental, business, professional, artistic, and spiritual. The race has developed and thrived with individual activity in these spheres. The new function of transportation is a centralizing function, and the administration of it, not absolutely, but in a degree depending upon circumstances, is an office of the government.

JOHN C. WELCH.

A CHAPLAIN'S RECORD.

ON the 13th of July, 1877, the writer was elected Colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment, Second Division, of the National Guard of the State of New York. The regiment had been greatly reduced in numbers, but the men composing it were earnest, active workers, full of spirit and enthusiasm. An attempt was made to increase the size and efficiency of the organization, and the first step was to constitute a staff adapted to the requirements of the service and to give us popularity. Among many questions, this one came up: Whom could we find for Chaplain, to aid in securing for the regiment a high standing? My wife heard this question, and, with woman's intuition, her prompt reply was, "Why, Beecher, of course." The suggestion was accepted at a venture. Some of Mr. Beecher's friends were consulted, and the tender was officially made on the 10th of January, 1878. This was the reply:

BROOKLYN, *January 21, 1878.*

COL. DAVID E. AUSTEN:

DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favor of January 10th, tendering me the office of Chaplain in the Thirteenth Regiment, N. Y. Infantry, should have been acknowledged earlier, but continuous absence from the city, and some uncertainty as to my own course, has delayed a reply. I desire to thank the members of the regiment and the officers for their proffer of this honor, and have resolved to accept it, provided its duties, of which I am quite uninformed, are not so onerous as to interfere with my other labors. I shall be happy to render to your command any services within my power.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Mr. Beecher's reasons for acceptance were submitted in detail to his congregation at a Friday evening prayer-meeting in the Lecture Room of Plymouth Church, in the following words:

"I did not accept, as you may readily suppose, because I had nothing to do and because I wanted to fill up vacant time. It was not because I had any special military gifts, or that any special military proclivities led me to delight in such a position. I was as much surprised as any one could be, when a request was made by Colonel Austen that I should become the Chaplain of the Thirteenth Regiment, and

I was informed that it was the unanimous wish of the officers of the regiment that I should accept the place. And the first impulse I felt on receiving the invitation was to say *no*, but the second impulse was in the nature of a query, whether there was not some duty here. The question was not exactly, 'Should you accept the place?' but it was rather, 'Why should you not accept it?' Is it not eminently wise that a body of young men, organized as a force of citizen soldiers, should have a Chaplain? In an organization of this kind, made up of young men exclusively, is there not a peculiar kind of peril? Is not a body of this kind, resembling in some respects a social club, unrestrained, and, perhaps, uncivilized, by the presence of women, fraught with great danger? Is it not liable to become a veritable maelstrom, in which young men may be sucked down to destruction? It seems to me there is no question that they should be surrounded by some kind of moral influence, and it seemed to be a pertinent question, whether, if some one should respond, I was not the one to do so. In my case, there seemed to be special reasons why I should respond. I was always among the foremost in the matters that led to the war, and was forward in upholding the various measures of the war, and it hardly seemed wise or proper for me to turn away from the citizen soldiery, after they had done their duty in that war, thus tacitly saying that they were of no further consequence to the nation or to the community. And even more than all this was the consideration that many of the young men of the regiment are members of my own flock here. And if it is wise and prudent to have a citizen soldiery, properly equipped and ready at all times to serve as a background of support for the civil authorities, it is certainly well to have them fortified and strengthened by all the good influences it is possible to throw around them. I go not for pleasure, but hoping to do them good. I want to help them as soldiers, as well as individuals, for I don't like to have anything to do with a thing that doesn't go. The regiment has entered on a new life, and it will be rendered more prosperous than ever. At any rate, I hope you will have its well-being at heart, if for no other sake, at least for my sake, for I should not like to do anything in which I should not have the prayers and sympathy of my people."

The occasion of the official muster into the service of the State was an assembly of the regiment for dress parade on the 1st day of March, 1878. In the presence of 5,000 people, on the large floor of the armory, Chaplain Beecher was called to the front, and the official oath was administered to him :

"You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York, and that you will faithfully discharge your duties as a soldier in the National Guard to the best of your ability. So help you God."

With right hand raised very high, the response came : "I do." Then, on being formally introduced to his "Fellow Soldiers of the Thirteenth Regiment," Mr. Beecher said :

"I am not now for the first time made acquainted with this organization. The Thirteenth Regiment has a name belonging to the city of Brooklyn which is an honor to the city, and in which the city rejoices. I, therefore, deem it an honor to have been selected as your Chaplain. The duties of the position are, to be sure, not onerous ; they are more honorable than burdensome, but such as they are, I

shall endeavor to discharge them faithfully, and to be, so far as in me lies, in my own narrow sphere, all that which I suppose every honest and honorable man among you means to be in his sphere. Time was when these regimental formations were regarded somewhat in the nature of sports, having in them more of show and the gratification of vanity than of serious work, but we have in the last twenty years passed through scenes which have sobered the minds of our people and educated them to the value of our soldiery. And only within the last year we have passed through intestine troubles which have taught us the lesson, or should have taught us the lesson, of the great value of citizen soldiery. In Europe the interests of nations have demanded standing armies, and from the nature of the people, and from the nature of their institutions, and from the long influence of historic association, the standing armies of Europe have been a perpetual menace to the liberty of the people. To-day Europe expends three hundred millions of dollars a year in the support of her standing armies. They are a moth, a waste, and a corruption. In our land there has sprung up from the very beginning a great prejudice against a standing army; we have permitted only a small one to be formed that we glory in and honor, but we depend upon our citizen soldiery as our main instrument for intestine defense of the country at large, and whenever foreign invasion is threatened. Let us hope that all these troubles which lie in our horizon will pass away, and that if there be any storm it shall be one of those refreshing ones which clear the air and leave things better afterward than they were before. Already the Brooklyn Thirteenth has won a name to be honored. Let it grow more and more illustrious. I shall be subject to your call in any way in which I may serve the interests of this city."

The parade was over. But the heart of every man went out to the Plymouth pastor as to a father, and, as cheer after cheer rent the air, the resolve to make an enduring fame for the regiment was implanted in the breast of every soldier in the line.

Mr. Beecher entered heartily into the spirit of regenerating and rebuilding the command, and in May, 1878, a meeting was called in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church to organize what was to be known as Company G in the service, and as "The Beecher Company" by the people. From the platform, Mr. Beecher appealed to the young men present to enroll, and, the requisite number being immediately secured, the company was mustered into the service of the State on the 27th day of June, 1878. This company has always been maintained at the maximum number, and, in point of drill and discipline, has been equal to any company of the National Guard.

Mr. Beecher's first participation in a parade of the regiment was on occasion of an escort to Post Rankin No. 10 of the Grand Army of the Republic, and to participate in the decoration of the Martyrs' Tomb, at Fort Greene, on Thursday, May 30th, 1878. I had been requested by the Chaplain to send a notice a few days in advance of any demand upon his time, so as to enable him to

arrange his lecture and other engagements not to interfere with military duty. An order was accordingly forwarded, to which a jovial reply was received the next day :

BROOKLYN, No. 124 Columbia Heights.

MY DEAR COLONEL :

I will be present, as requested, fully armed and equipped as becomes a Chaplain of the Old Thirteenth. Yours, ever,

HENRY WARD BEECHER,

Captain Secular and Chaplain Spiritual of the Old Thirteenth—God bless her !

Mr. Beecher had secured a spirited horse, which I had been advised was a Kentucky thoroughbred, and which he proposed to ride. In reply to a suggestion made by me that he might have trouble in the control of so spirited a steed, Mr. Beecher said that *he* could “stand any demonstration, as long as the horse was pleased to enjoy himself.”

The order to march was given, the drums rolled out their first notes, and the horse, unused to such martial sounds, reared and plunged so that I made an effort to have the music stopped. But Mr. Beecher himself immediately discountenanced it. The Plymouth Pastor firmly held his seat, his horsemanship exciting general admiration. He soon brought the steed under complete control, and, in passing me, on the way to his place in the Staff line, he said, quietly : “I guess this horse was unaware of the fact that I had my training in Indiana. Out there, when I went to visit my parishioners, in my younger days, I didn’t follow the roads, and the rail fences didn’t stand in my way. The horse knows all that now, and will march in line in proper order.”

Our Chaplain was right. His bold Kentucky thoroughbred had been instantly and utterly subdued. Not once again did the animal leave the line ; but the fire of his eyes showed that it was the master mind and master hand alone that held him under control.

On the march, the rain began to fall, and, apprehensive of Mr. Beecher’s health, I urged him to leave the line and return home. “Are *you* going to leave ?” he inquired ; and, when I replied in the negative, he said : “A soldier desert in his first parade ? Oh, no ! I never do anything by halves. I have enlisted for the war, and my maiden battle must be fought out, even if the big drum has bursted !” (The drum-head of the firmament seemed to be broken just then, and the rain had caused the heads of all

the drums in the band and in the field music to burst, and the drummers were beating the marches on the shells.)

The following day I called on Mr. Beecher, and found him in his usual good health.

Mr. Beecher's first sermon to the regiment was preached in Plymouth Church on the 12th day of May, 1878. The main points, addressed to the regiment, were these :

"God bless the Thirteenth Regiment of Brooklyn! Gentlemen of the Brooklyn Thirteenth: There are special duties separating you from the rest of this audience. You are the citizen soldiers, you have the virtues of a citizen, a lover of peace, and of the soldier, a defender of order. Both belong to you; and it is your duty to prepare yourselves for efficient service. Not to holiday show or glittering gymnastics are you called; you represent the reserve force of the civil law. That disorder which the self respect of men cannot repress must be restrained by the police, and when the police cannot repress it it must be overruled by the citizen soldiery. The whole body of society can control the whole procedure of society by patience, and those who think themselves wronged can change the law. Speech is free, the press is open to all, and the whole community is a jury before which a man may plead his case, and if he cannot win a verdict then he must patiently submit. No man or class of men can have to wait long for redress. Society is, in such sense, an organized unit among us, that things needful for the public good can be secured in a free republic by patient discussion, and violence is a remedy worse than the disease.

"To our immigrant population we are indebted for a thousand excellent things; for labor, for men of learning, for skill and industry; but our foreign population cannot teach us some things. We admit ourselves students in some things, we assert ourselves masters in others. They cannot teach us citizenship, they cannot teach us to build a State; and while we give welcome to such ideas as may be congenial to American habits, we utterly abhor those heresies brought from abroad that are fruitful of disorder and are in antagonism with the rights of man which they assume to defend; that are destructive of all that liberty which they pretend to seek. If any large body of men shall move to make a change in the settled habits of this free commonwealth, they will feel the energy of a free people, roused to defend the authority of law, and the inviolability of property, that is the fruit of labor. Gentlemen, in such an emergency it will become your duty to defend the commonwealth, and it will rest upon you confidently, trustingly, and you will not betray the confidence. While then you mingle social pleasures with your armory meetings and parades, it becomes you to remember that at the bottom a very grave responsibility rests upon you, and this should give you dignity. May God give to us prosperity and order, but should there come other days, may your ranks be the bank and shore against which the waves shall dash and be stayed. God prosper the old Brooklyn Thirteenth."

Measures were being discussed in June, 1878, between Chaplain Beecher, Gen. Horatio C. King, and the writer (Gen. King having been elected to the position of Major in the Thirteenth Regiment), when I said to Mr. Beecher: "We must keep the wheels of the Thirteenth Regiment revolving—the men must have

something to think about. Can you suggest anything absolutely new that will be an incentive to recruiting, and also to greater excellence in drill and discipline?" Mr. Beecher, who had but recently returned from Montreal, gave an account of the brilliant reception given by the Canadians to the Barlow Grays, from St. Albans, Vermont, on its visit in May, to participate in the celebration of the Queen's Birthday. "Why not take *our* regiment there?" asked the Chaplain. Thus originated the memorable trip of the Thirteenth to Montreal.

The trip was not to take place until the following year (1879). Meanwhile, recruiting rapidly increased, Mr. Beecher frequently visiting the armory during the drills of instruction, and adding to the enthusiasm of the men by his many words of encouragement.

On the 19th day of May we left for the City of Montreal, the only regiment that has ever visited foreign shores. Five hundred and thirty-seven men were present in the ranks. Mr. Beecher met the command in Montreal, and was on board the steamer "Fillgate," which had been engaged to take the regiment through the Lachine Rapids. He said he "was waiting for his boys." Mighty cheers went up for the Chaplain, which were taken up again and again.

Landing on the wharf in Montreal, a magnificent standard was presented to the Regiment by Mayor Rivard, emblazoned on one side with the Stars and Stripes, and on the other the flag of the Dominion of Canada, magnificently embroidered and set with pearls. Mr. Beecher accepted the standard on behalf of the Regiment, and said:

"We accept this flag in that spirit of amity which inspires its giving—may the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, now for the first time so happily blended on one flag, float always side by side. For whatever the flags of other nations express, ours stand for the expression of the literature of liberty and religion of liberty and progress. May our flags never be found against each other in war. May they ever go together, but never against each other. We shall place it in the most prominent place in our armory, and when in the future we shall be favored with a visit from you, we trust to be able to show that your flag has never been dishonored."

Mr. Beecher participated in the review of the Dominion forces on Fletcher's Field. Lieut.-Gen. Sir E. Selby Smyth, K. C. B., an officer of the English regulars, was in command, and the review was witnessed by the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. There were about 5,000 troops under arms, and Mr. Beecher was the central object of interest.

A banquet was tendered to the officers at the Windsor Hotel by General Smyth, who presided with the Marquis of Lorne. In the early part of the evening I had been requested to say to Mr. Beecher that he would be called upon to respond to the toast of the City of Brooklyn. Later in the progress of the banquet, with an uneasy expression of countenance, Mr. Beecher beckoned to me, and I went to his chair. He whispered, "Colonel, I do not like that toast and will not speak to it. Brooklyn is the best city in the world to live in and to hail from, but to be the subject of an international toast is not hot enough or brown enough. It will hardly melt butter enough to make it taste good to our Canadian friends."

I reported this to the Marquis and General Smyth, and they said that the Dominion officers would not be satisfied if they could not hear Mr. Beecher speak. So, without Mr. Beecher's knowledge, it was quietly arranged with the United States Consul-General, Mr. Smith, to whom had been assigned the toast, "The President of the United States," and who had said that he could not do full justice to his subject, that he would officially acknowledge the compliment, and then call on Mr. Beecher. This he did, concluding a most eloquent address by saying: "I ask Mr. Beecher to join with me in acknowledging the compliment to the President of the country we love so well." Mr. Beecher had not been consulted in this flank movement, as he afterwards termed it; but, with not a moment for preparation, he held the assembly spell-bound by his words for more than three-quarters of an hour. In the course of his remarks, he referred to our late President as follows:

"Four years is not more than sufficient to learn how to govern, and another four only gives one an opportunity of displaying some knowledge in the management of governing. When Mr. Lincoln was elected President it was on the eve of the greatest civil war that the world has ever known. It burst out like the Southern tornado, and the whole country leaped into war, and along one thousand miles of coast its desolating ravages were made familiar. It seemed as though Lincoln should have a second term in which he should not be distracted. But it pleased God to give him the crown of martyrdom and take him out of his troubles. Mr. Johnson, who succeeded him, was a man of honest intentions. But he was a man too literal and too obstinate, and did not know how to change front on the battle-field, nor adapt himself to the soil over which to march; so he set himself against his party and went out of office—more welcome than when he went in. General Grant has been called a man of luck—he was lucky—in his father and mother—lucky in the body and the mind that were given him as a birthright. For two terms Gen. Grant succeeded in having good

luck, and now, having gone abroad from his country, he has good luck abroad, and if the cheers with which he has been greeted could be linked together, it would encircle the globe in one polyglot cheer, for no man has succeeded so well in cheers, in the circumnavigation of the globe, as Gen. Grant. Contrary to the course of the sun, he rose in the West. After Grant, President Hayes was called to the chair as First Magistrate. His task of peace has not been an easy one ; his, no bed of down. He has lain upon the thorns, but with great pugnacity, great patience, great gentleness, and gentlemanliness. He bids fair to come out, in the judgment of the whole nation, second to no single President they have had in the last 40 years. The United States desires to express, and upon every occasion does express, the mighty principle of good will towards all nations of the earth."

Mr. Beecher returned home with the regiment, and I had reserved a state-room for him in the officers' palace car. When shown to his traveling quarters, he said, "No, sir ; none of that for me. Too old a traveler. That is over the wheels. I wish to *sleep*, if you noisy fellows will permit such an idea to be entertained. Give me the upper berth in a centre section ; they are the best—more elasticity to the motion, and better ventilation than the lower." He retired as he desired, and crawled to the upper berth with greater agility than many of the younger officers.

After this trip the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the regiment became vacant, and General C. T. Christensen, who had for many years been Clerk of the Plymouth Society, was chosen to the vacancy. In the summer of 1880 an election was held for Brigadier-General of the Fifth Brigade. I had declined to become a candidate, preferring to remain with my regiment, and General Christensen, my Lieutenant-Colonel, was chosen. Mr. Beecher wrote to me on the subject, as follows :

"PEEKSKILL, July 14, 1880.

"MY DEAR COLONEL : I was heartily glad that you discouraged the putting you into a brigadiership. You would certainly make a model general, but just now, what of all things is wanted, is *regiments in the National Guard that exhibit perfect drill and conduct*. The guard is in danger of running out through slack organization, loose discipline, and slipshod soldiers, making the whole thing weak and contemptible in the eyes of the community. But a regiment that is raised high and exhibits perfect discipline is *wholesome to the whole system*. You would make a good brigadier, but we want good *colonels* more than good brigadiers, and they stand more nearly related to the usefulness of the whole system than brigade commanders do or can. I am sorry that you should lose Christensen as a right-hand man, but I am glad, if it must be, that he is in a position where he can greatly aid the Thirteenth, and that, too, without any undue partiality. For one I am glad that the old Thirteenth has not lost its Colonel !

"Yours in the bonds of chaplaincy,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

The inspection and muster of the regiment in 1879 showed a

strength of 610 men. In 1880, there appeared on the rolls a total of 718 men. In September, 1880, the regiment visited Boston, on the occasion of the centennial celebration of the foundation of that city. Mr. Beecher went to Boston from the White Mountains, and met the regiment. I had suggested the propriety of his giving a lecture in Boston, and that it be under the auspices of the State, in order to identify the regiment with the occasion. Chaplain Beecher, with his usual good nature, agreed to do anything to serve the regiment, and wrote me this funny little note :

“BROOKLYN, N. Y., 124 Columbia Heights.

“MY DEAR COLONEL: The deed is done. I have writ. Governor Claflin has been affectionately poked in the direction of memory. Yea, I have conveyed to him your letter, that he may see the very inwards of the scheme.

“Your fat Chaplain,

“HENRY WARD BEECHER.”

Governor Long was then in the Executive Chair, but Ex-Governor Claflin was selected as the medium of communication. The scheme was given up owing to the succession of courtesies extended to the regiment by the 5th Massachusetts, and a banquet to the officers, at Parker's, in the evening.

In October, 1880, the regiment was called out for review by Governor Cornell, and, as was customary with me on all special occasions, I sent a letter to the Chaplain to remind him of this duty. Promptly came the reply :

“BROOKLYN, N. Y., No. 124 Columbia Heights,

“October 8, 1880.

“MY DEAR COLONEL: I absent! sooner the sun by day, the moon by night!—Perish commerce, perish agriculture, and even mining, but spare the glorious old Thirteenth. No politics, no election, no ecclesiastical meetings shall hinder me. Even sickness must stand back, or, if it visits, I will come in an ambulance, vial and syringe in hand. I feel ashamed of you that you should have thought it necessary to plead the case. Next, I shall expect a warm appeal to eat my dinner, to kiss my wife and children, to love my country, or to vote the Republican ticket.

“Your Warlike Chaplain,

“HENRY WARD BEECHER.”

The regiment paraded on this occasion second in strength only to the Seventh—such had been the remarkable growth of the command in two years. Mr. Beecher's presence was the occasion of a marked ovation on the entire march, and his spirits were of the best order. Returning on the ferryboat, we were all placed, mounted, on the forward deck, my back toward the front of the boat, but my face to Mr. Beecher. He was entertaining us all with bright sallies of wit, when suddenly he said: “Come, Colonel,

turn about; back your horse in here with us. Remember, back to the wind means face to the coffin."

Later in the season I conceived the idea of having Gen. Grant review the regiment, keeping up "the boom," as it was termed among the boys. I took Mr. Beecher into my confidence, and he was to use his discretion as to how it might be brought about. In a few weeks, the plan bore fruit in the following letter, which is not dated, but written, I believe, in the latter days of November, 1880 :

"NO. 124 COLUMBIA HEIGHTS, SUNDAY.

"MY DEAR COLONEL : Grant readily said that he would review the Thirteenth sometime to be agreed upon after the holidays. He required no persuasion, asked no questions, but instantly answered my request by saying, "I should be happy to do it." So then, you've got another lever to pry up the regiment with. I attribute his whole gracious disposition to the fact that he had been to Plymouth Church and heard a good sermon. Yours in the bonds of Chaplaincy,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

The formal invitation was extended, and the following reply received.

"NEW YORK CITY, *December 2, 1880.*

"COL. DAVID E. AUSTEN :

"DEAR COL. : I accept your invitation to review the Thirteenth Regiment on Wednesday, the 12th January, 1881. Very truly yours,

"U. S. GRANT."

Mr. Beecher paraded with his fellow officers. After the review there followed a working drill of the regiment. An effort to induce General Grant to address the regiment proved futile, and he retired from the floor with the brief remark : "Colonel, you have given me the best drill I have ever seen, and I am not in the habit of saying a thing like that without reason."

The following letter refers to a visit of the regiment to Yorktown. Mr. Beecher did not go. His letter touches also a rumor that I had resigned, by reason of supposed displeasure in connection with a drill.

"BROOKLYN, 124 Columbia Heights,

"*April 6, 1881.*

"DEAR COLONEL : As to Yorktown, don't know. Am not very good at a spree. The boys who go with you will not need a Chaplain for that. Couldn't have come last Monday night. [This referred to an entertainment at the armory.] Could not have danced if I had come. Somebody said that things were badly managed at one of your late show-drills, and that you were resigned. How is that? Resignation is a Christian grace. A woman, having lost her babe and giving way to excessive grief, was told by her pastor that it was the Lord's doing, and that she ought to be resigned. 'I am resigned,' she said, 'but I think I ought to show a proper resentment.' Is that your case?

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Replying to an invitation to be present at certain athletic sports at the armory, and to a proposed date, he wrote :

"BROOKLYN, 124 Columbia Heights,

"December 2, 1881.

"MY DEAR COLONEL : I find, alas, the whole week is engaged ! Out of town when the "Tugs" were to come. So I must say halt. But now for the new formation, so to say ; I have no open date before December 29th. Will that do ?

"Your Apostolic Chaplain,

"H. W. BEECHER."

An effort was made early in 1881 to secure the engagement of Dodworth's Band, at Brighton Beach, in order to keep everything regimental as much before the public as possible. Mr. Beecher had been asked to interest himself for Dodworth with some of the influential directors of the road, some of whom were attendants of his church. In connection with this matter, he wrote the following characteristic letter :

"BROOKLYN, No. 124 Columbia Heights,

"January 24, 1881.

"MY DEAR COLONEL : I do not think the band matter can be made to march—Brighton Beach folks are on their ear—they are going to have Levy, and their head is set on having a *foreign* band, and they are in a tangle of negotiations. From the drift of things, as near as I can make it out, we shall not have much of a chance, if any. If being sorry would remedy the matter, tears should flow from both my eyes—until Jeremiah should envy me—who sighed, 'Oh that my head were a fountain of tears.'

"With captainly regards,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

I resigned my Colonelcy in 1883, by reason of removal to the City of New York. Mr. Beecher continued to serve with the regiment as its Chaplain during the Colonelcy of Gen. Alfred C. Barnes, my successor ; but, as I am advised, there were few occasions calling for his presence. The most important was the anniversary parade of the regiment in celebration of its departure for the seat of war, which was held on the 23d day of April, 1886. This, so far as I am able to learn, was *his last parade*, although he was connected with the regiment at the time of his death.

Company G, of the Thirteenth, which had been organized inside the walls of Plymouth Church, paid the last tribute of respect to his memory, by acting as guard of honor over his remains, and, when I visited the church, I found that the great love which the Chaplain had inspired in the hearts of his parishioners had a no less secure resting place with "the boys," his boys, as he was pleased frequently to term them. So the great Chaplain has passed away.

DAVID E. AUSTEN.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

ECONOMIC OPTIMISM.

EVERY thoughtful man sees at the present time a great and growing body in our population, not only dissatisfied with their position in the social order, but determined, by one means or another, to change it. Groping their way in the dark, they are finding new power, and are beginning to use it. This phase of social science everywhere attracts attention as it never did before, and the natural result is a flood of economic discussion.

The contributors to this discussion may be divided into two general classes. There are, first, the true builders of our new political economy, who, endeavoring to find bed-rock, are laying the foundations broad and deep, and rearing a structure of enduring qualities. Next are those who build their house partly on the rock and partly on the sand, apparently as it may happen. Worse yet, as though building material were scarce, they often work in unsound timber, and sometimes make dry sand do for mortar. In the latter class, there are many divisions. A few treat of the awful darkness of the dark side of things. But our busy man of to-day has little to do with their ideas, because they do not come much in his way, and, if they do, they are not pleasant; moreover, he does not believe in that sort of thing. Then we have the sentimental economists, who give us extremely sympathetic articles on the sorrows of the poor—and the pity is, they find so much actual material for their work. But forgetting that a few cases cannot accurately represent a class, they often defeat their own object by drawing a picture so dismal that few will believe it true. Finally, in opposition to all these kinds and shades of our new economists, come the cheerful ultra-optimists—the embodiment of complacency. With brilliant rhetoric, or a bewildering array of facts and figures, these smug gentlemen show that the improvement in the condition of the poor is something quite delightful to contemplate.

It is to these smiling, optimistic philosophers that I wish to devote a few words. Not a little of their work is spread in the air at after-dinner speeches. Other parts of it go into type in small books, or in magazines, thence to be quoted in all sorts of talks, papers, and addresses, as though from the very oracles.

I am pained to see that it seems somewhat peculiar to this class of our public instructors that their efforts are turned, not so much in search of unalloyed, undivided truth, as of those disjointed and segregated parts of truth that can be bent to support optimistic propositions. By careful selection of even partial facts, with graphic methods of comparison, and a show of profound knowledge of statistics and things, one is sometimes able "to deduce therefrom conclusions which the business man can no more resist than he can deny the results of an accurate balance sheet;"* that is, unless he examines closely.

* These highly complimentary, though doubtless sincere words, are quoted from a recent prominent editorial in an excellent periodical, in connection with matters examined in this brief criticism.—D. C. S.

Again, optimism is generally grateful to the American mind—if the mind happen to abide in a well-fed, well-clothed body—and is, therefore, absorbed all the more kindly. It is, indeed, an agreeable occupation to drink in thoughts of our national greatness, and to dwell upon our magnificent future. But are there not other things now pressing hard for consideration?

"Labor," I know, does many things it ought not to do, and I clearly perceive that, with Demagogy mounting its shoulders and whispering in its ear, one of the dangers now threatening us is the pushing of class legislation too fast and too far. But, surely, these dangers cannot be avoided by our taking opiates, even the beautiful, sugary opiates of optimism. We must see things as they are. The day is forever past when we can safely rid our sight of unpleasant things by simply refusing to look upon them. Some very prominent people in France once made an awful failure in that way. We may be sure that in the end "right will prevail." But, if the present division of the fruits of labor between the brains and the hands—to borrow a figure from Mr. Lowell's "Democracy"—is not fair, and the brains, possessing every vantage ground, will not take the initiative, nor heed the signs of the times, then it will be only through great tribulation that the end will be reached.

I now propose to glance at one or two specimens of the present economic opiate. But, as I am permitted only a glance at this time, I must confine myself to the narcotic alleviatives of a single writer, but a writer who is, at once, the most prominent, the most voluminous, and the most largely quoted of all his class in America. I refer to Mr. Edward Atkinson, and especially to certain articles of his which have recently appeared under the titles of "The Food Question in America and Europe" and "The Relative Strength and Weakness of Nations." These are elaborate, if not careful, studies of the condition of our laboring classes. The author of them is called an "eminent statistician and political economist," and the articles themselves are said to "contain the most valuable study of the material growth of the country yet made by any single writer."

Here is the conclusion found at the end of the second of these articles:

"Is it not true that, while the rich may have become relatively no poorer, the poor have been steadily growing richer, not so much in the accumulation of personal wealth as in the power of commanding the services of capital in ever increasing measure at a less proportionate charge?"

It may be admitted that the condition of the poor has been improved in recent years, but has Mr. Atkinson made a fair summing up of the relative progress of both the rich and the poor?

I might not consider this question worth asking, but for the fact that I believe all such teachings to be not only erroneous, but exceedingly harmful. There is, it seems to me, in the whole range of that sort of work, a subtle philosophy that says: Don't worry about the poor laboring classes; they are really very prosperous. If that is not the practical impression conveyed, I fail to read English intelligently.

However, I shall not attempt to prove the incorrectness of the single conclusion quoted. That is not my design. I wish, rather, to point out some of the fallacies upon which such conclusions are based, suggesting thereby to business men the advisability of examining the economic gospel that is given them.

Mr. Atkinson's method, in general, may be briefly stated to be a comparison of statistics of 1865 with those of 1885, and from the results to argue the prosperity of all our people. It is even pretty clearly announced in the conclusions of "The Food Question," that if there is want in the midst of plenty it must be due to bad cooking.

In Mr. Atkinson's first article it is stated, of the arable land in the United States, that, exclusive of pasturage, only 265,500 square miles are yet put to actual use in the production of articles of food. Elsewhere in the same article, and also in the gentleman's second article, it is stated that the land thus in use amounts to 302,500 square miles. The difference is something larger than the State of Indiana, or all of New England, exclusive of Maine.

Hay is given a space of 40,000 square miles, but it is also allowed to appear among the miscellaneous crops, which, in the aggregate, are said to occupy only 30,000 square miles. These two errors are mentioned merely as evidences of carelessness ; no other importance is attached to them.

In showing the growth of our cotton production the table begins with 1865-6. Yet no allusion is made to the fact that the hard necessities of war had reduced that industry from a crop of 4,823,770 bales in 1860, to barely 500,000 bales in 1865.*

In all cases where the argument is helped by a reduction of the 1865 prices to the gold standard, for comparison with present prices, it is done, and properly enough ; but, in at least three instances, where it would hurt the argument, it is not done. Here is an inverse illustration, in aggravated form.

To show the greatly lessened charge for the use of capital, which, according to Mr. Atkinson's conclusions, and in harmony with some outside evidence, seems to be the chief element in the riches of the poor, he says :

"Another fact may be stated which fairly sustains the general statement, that those who do the actual work of production are now securing to their own use a larger share than ever before of the joint product of labor and capital. The earning power of \$100 in gold coin invested in United States bonds of the best class was, at the highest point of paper-money inflation in 1864, 16.66 per cent. per year. At the present time the earning power of \$100 in gold coin invested in $4\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. United States bonds is only 2.20 per cent. per year."

We will pass the unreasonable assumption that investment in Government bonds at the present time fitly represents any of the enterprises in which labor commands the service of capital. But why go back to 1864, in the midst of the war, instead of starting with 1865, as in all other cases ?—the gold premium being in 1864 (July), 222 to 285, while in 1865 it was only 138 to 146½ for the same month ! But let us leave these little idiosyncrasies of a great economist, and consider this : The highest rate of interest ever paid by the Government on its Civil War bonds was 7.3 per cent. The bonds bearing that rate were withdrawn from the market in 1865, and so are not quotable for investment. The most desirable long-time bonds for sale in 1864 were the 6s of 1881. They sold above par throughout the year, and netted the investor less than 6 per cent. per annum. How then is it that 16.66 per cent. interest is obtained in the above statement ? It is by a deliberate inflation of the interest to paper-money value, not inadvertently, but by mathematical computation ! The covert allusion to paper inflation does not save it. If it be said that paper currency was the medium of the times, that does not alter the case a whit. Paper money would buy less bonds and receive less interest. "Money," whatever the medium—gold, paper or wampum—converted into Government bonds in 1864, produced of its kind less than seven per cent. per annum.

It is evident that Edward Atkinson does not look with too much favor upon Lord Bacon's inductive method of reasoning. Some instances of this disposition

* Estimated by Mr. Joseph Nimmo, Jr., in the Reports of the Department of Agriculture.

are not far from amusing, as when the annual value of our hens' eggs is estimated in this way :

"If each adult in the United States consumes one egg every other day, at only twelve cents a dozen, which is the proportion of the factory operatives of New England, the value of our hens' eggs is \$91,250,000 per year, or twice the value of the product of silver bullion, 25 per cent. more than the value of our wool clip, and greater than the entire product of our iron furnaces," etc.

Surely this is beginning a long way from the hen, and somewhat arbitrarily fixes the standard, right or wrong, that she should live up to.

Mr. Atkinson has the distinction of being "graphic." We find this example of the graphic in the "conclusions" of the food question :

"The modern miracle of the loaves is this : One man working the equivalent of three hundred days in the year, or three men working one hundred days, in the harvest season on the far plains of Dakota, in the production of wheat, aided by one man working three hundred days in milling and barreling the flour, and supplemented by two men working three hundred days in moving wheat and flour from Dakota to New York and in keeping all the mechanism of the farm, the mill, and the railroad in good repair, four men's work for one year places one thousand barrels of flour at the bakers' oven in the city of New York—a yearly ration of bread for one thousand men and women."

"Miracle" indeed ! The modern miracle is that any man could make such a statement. It is "graphic" nonsense.

The inevitable "if" that haunts Mr. Atkinson's arguments is here laid aside, and we are given a positive statement. Now let us see what this statement will make the cost of wheat delivered at the railroad station in Dakota.

The highest wages for farm hands in Dakota during the past two years have not exceeded \$26 per month for the summer season, or one dollar per working day. This gives us \$300 as the entire cost of the wheat for the 1,000 barrels of flour, or for 4,500 bushels of wheat at the usual estimate of four and one-half bushels for a barrel of flour. The \$300, then, would show six and two-thirds cents per bushel as the cost of raising wheat in Dakota. Mr. Oliver Dalrymple, the great wheat farmer of Dakota, now estimates the total cost at about fifty cents per bushel,—that is, more than seven times as much as it costs Mr. Atkinson's farmer—on paper.

Let me now call attention to Mr. Atkinson's transportation theories. There is in them such manifest bias that it is only with a severe strain on patience that they can be examined with decorum. Take a single one.

A great part of the argument in "The Food Question" is based on the showing of a vast saving to the people of the United States in the transportation charges for the year 1885 over those of the year 1865.

Mr. Atkinson says :

"If wheat had been subject in 1885 to the charge of 1865, the cost of moving 50,000,000 barrels of flour 1,000 miles (the estimated total consumption and average distance of transportation for all the people of the United States) would have been \$173,500,000. At the actual charge of 1885 over the New York Central line, at the average traffic charge of the year on all merchandise of 68 cents, the cost was \$34,000,000—a difference of \$138,500,000 on the flour alone."

This makes a fair start for the suggestions that follow :

"If we then save \$138,500,000 per year in the cost of transportation on our bread bill only, do we save tenfold on our whole food supply ?" . . . "In view of these data, if the gain compassed in twenty years in the cost of moving bread alone has been \$138,500,000, how much do we now save on all the necessities of life ?"

Now, let us see about this.

The transportation taken for comparison is that from Chicago to New York. Instead of taking the cheaper route over which the grain *actually came* in 1865, Mr. Atkinson has selected a more expensive one, over which the grain did *not* come. The grain came almost wholly by the Great Lakes, the Erie Canal, and the Hudson River; and yet he has everywhere in these articles completely ignored the existence of that great water-way. He has taken the aggregate charges on several independent roads—not consolidated into one system until four years later—which charges (\$3.45 per barrel) were so high as to be prohibitory, and then he has assumed to believe that they fairly represent the cost of our flour transportation from Chicago to New York in 1865.

I have been unable to find any statistics of the volume of all-rail transportation of grain from Chicago to New York in 1865, for the sufficient reason that practically there *was* none. But we know about the Erie Canal. The receipts at tide-water of wheat, and flour reduced to wheat, via the Erie and Champlain canals in 1865 was 11,693,200 bushels. This was the bulk of all the wheat and flour received in New York that year. It could be shown that but a very small part of it came by the Champlain. According to the reports of the New York Produce Exchange, Mr. E. H. Walker statistician, the total receipts of all kinds of grain, and flour reduced to grain, by these two canals, that year, were 51,400,400 bushels. The total receipts via the Erie Canal that year of all products from the Western States alone, chiefly grain and meats, were 1,904,156 tons, equivalent in weight to 63,471,866 bushels of wheat. The total estimated valuation of all the transportation of the Erie Canal that year was \$186,114,718.

These figures show that the Erie Canal did some business for the people in 1865. Even so late as 1884, Mr. Walker finds occasion to say:

"The Erie Canal delivers at New York in the navigation season, from May to November, more grain by nearly ten million bushels than all of the railroads terminating in New York deliver during the same period."

Let us now examine the rates charged in 1865.

At the estimate of four and one-half bushels of wheat per barrel of flour, the charges of \$3.45 per barrel would equal 76.6 cents per bushel for wheat transportation. (It would be more yet if figured by weight, at the ordinary proportionate rates for flour and wheat.) The actual charge by water, including canal tolls, averaged 26.6 cents per bushel that year. Remarkable support as to the relative accuracy of this is found in the rates on all merchandise by the two routes within the State of New York that year. By the New York Central line they were 3.3 cents per ton-mile, and by the Erie Canal 1.1 cents per ton-mile. The proportionate difference in favor of the water route was still greater west of Buffalo, and was, no doubt, quite sufficient to offset the fact that the transportation was of somewhat higher class by rail than by canal in the State of New York. Thus, we surely find an error of 50 cents per bushel of wheat in Mr. Atkinson's figures. This will scatter to the winds \$112,500,000 of the sum shown to be annually saved to us by the railroads. The remainder, as could be easily demonstrated, may be found in the paper money inflation of 1865, and in the reduced charges that have actually been brought about, not by the railroads, but invariably in the water transportation, the railroads respectfully following at as great a distance as consistent with their getting some of the business.

As for the rest of Mr. Atkinson's arguments, although some are tenable, many of them are like these I have analyzed. Thus, seeing grave defects in the foundation of his economic optimism, may we not reasonably doubt the value of whatever is built upon such a base?

I must add, however, that it is certainly not because Mr. Atkinson's hope is so bright that I have found occasion for this criticism. The hope of every American of healthy mind cannot *but be bright*. But, simply the truth regarding the resources and possibilities of this land of ours will amaze the world; while, as for ourselves, we should remember that no one is so greatly deceived as he who deceives himself. I would not repress optimism, but would have it conform, in a measure, to the proposition that two times two still equals conservative, old-fashioned four.

DATUS C. SMITH.

II.

STORM-EFFECTS ON MENTALITY.

It has been argued, with more or less warmth, that one's disposition is largely affected by the kind of weather which prevails when one is born. While this is possible, it is also fanciful, and but few put any faith in it. There is, however, another weather phenomenon in which I believe: I am convinced that thought is influenced, in a very considerable degree, by the weather. My notice was first drawn toward this by a line in one of Voltaire's letters, in which he said: "My work has been murky, to-day, because the weather was murky." From this time on, I took close and careful account of my mental condition during various kinds of weather.

The result was a matter of great surprise to me, and it sometimes enforced deductions and conclusions which were almost startling. Though I seldom had sufficient time to profit by it, I found that the execution of plans, made during calm weather, was impossible during stormy weather, without the making of frequent changes—not only in details, but in general methods as well. Time and again, in some period of bright, sunshiny weather, I would lay out the plot of a novel, which would be full of the cheer and the joy of the smiling mood of nature. I would begin writing, full of the encouraging impetus which the weather gave me, and glad that I was able to do something which would be apart and separate from my nervous, dismal self; and then a storm would swoop down upon me, and with dolorous scratch, my pen would clothe dolorous thoughts in even more dolorous words. When the storm was cleared, and the sun shone again, I would once more find myself able to make the things which I wrote as blithe and buoyant as the weather.

Storms always disturb me—sometimes they depress me, and make me feel tearful without knowing why. It is very hard to write *mots* which sparkle and glitter with mirth, when one's heart is heavy and sombre—just as it is difficult to write dirges when one feels like railing and joking. And so, fair weather is best suited to the writing of comedies, and foul weather to the writing of tragedies.

Another curious circumstance was the provoking features which characterized the working out, in fair weather, of a plot which I framed during a violent storm. Try as I would, I never could touch this story up so that I dared print it, and at last I burned it in despair.

Once, as an experiment, I planned two novels, to be worked on simultaneously. The one plot was shaped during a stormy period, and the other during a brief season of sunshine and summer glory which immediately followed. Whenever it was stormy, I worked upon the storm-planned novel; and whenever the weather was bright, I worked upon the other. In each instance, I wholly surrendered myself to the moods which the weather stirred up within me, and made no effort to shake off the good cheer of the one or the despondency with which the other en-

compassed me. As a result, the novel upon which was settled no shadow of the storm-taint was cheerful and good-humored ; but the other was so bitter, mournful and vindictive, that I never printed it. In each of these cases, of course, I allowed myself to be wholly moved and swayed by atmospheric tendencies ; and though I lost the profits of several weeks of literary labor, I learned an invaluable lesson. I saw that by properly fortifying myself, and by making the right kind of struggles, I could resist yielding to both the dangerous flavor of soft sweetness, which sunny skies induced, and, also, in the same way, to the spitefulness and melancholy which were the legacy and gift of the storm-spirit. That is, I succeeded in partially overcoming the influences and effects of the weather, and, at all times, in keeping myself in a mental condition of passable evenness. The complete and perfect disentanglement of one's mental action from such phenomena is, to me, an impossibility ; and it in some degree enables me to understand why I wrote so much in " *Lellé* " which I have since so often regretted.

These things which I speak of are so apparent in the works of some of my literary friends, that I can almost distinguish, in some of their stories, the very line and word which they were doing when some storm either began or ended.

Why should it be otherwise ? We are so sensitively constituted that we must, of necessity, be affected by the alternations of storm and sunshine. The more exquisite the personality, the stronger the influence ; and, in the case of invalids, the effect is more considerable than it is in persons of sound health. Women feel storm-effects more keenly than men ; and the young more keenly than the old. The nervous are the storm's most resistless slaves, and the phlegmatic escape it altogether. Many persons, without appreciating the reason of it, declare themselves unable to fix their thoughts upon any one subject, except in the most haphazard and incoherent way, during the prevalence of storms. Consequently, many find it beyond their capacity to do anything in the way of finished mental work in either the early spring or the late autumn. Many writers never once touch a pen during stormy weather, and others can only write clearly and forcibly with a tempest shrieking about their windows.

Poets and artists suffer most from storms ; the latter, far more than would seem likely on mere casual thought. Many a picture has been spoiled by having its last touches laid on when it was storming. Coloring, whether verbal or pig-mental, takes much of its tone from sky and atmosphere.

Races, as well as individuals, get much of their mental equipment from the weather. A nation whose home is often under storm-clouds, and in the track of tempests, has more disagreeable traits than a nation which best knows a serene atmosphere : just as a race which inhabits the high mountains has little or nothing in common with the people of the plains and deserts.

Literature, more than anything else, suffers under the malignity of storms, because all literary effort is the picturing of moods and emotions in words. As children resemble those who beget them, so words are like those who utter them ; and the words which are wrung from us by pain are not likely to win us many smiles from those who hear them. We speak as we feel, and our feelings are the reflection of our conditions and circumstances. The ship-wrecked sailor, half-drowned, and wet to the skin in some wild, wintry sea, will scarcely go into raptures over the pleasures and benefits of salt-water bathing ; and the man who writes of the wooing of young lovers, when a fierce blast seems bent on beating in his study-windows, cannot be justly blamed if what his hero whispers into the ears of his heroine is something after the fashion of a death-knell.

GEORGE SAND.

III.

UNIFORM MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE LAWS.

THE inconveniences, perhaps perils, of discordant State laws on marriage and divorce have been much discussed of late. The remedy usually proposed is to amend the Federal Constitution and give Congress power to make uniform laws. Without underrating any evils of the present disorder, I differ as to the remedy and desire here to state my reasons for dissent.

"As far as I can see, the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man." So says England's greatest statesman, and so say we all of us. The so-called Constitution, under which he and Lord Salisbury play see-saw in governing England, can be changed any day by mere legislative act. It is one excellence of ours that it cannot. It was amended soon after its adoption to meet objections by certain States, and to simplify the choice of President, but never since, except to formulate the results of the war. It has stood for a century the most stable, yet elastic, the most conservative, yet liberal, scheme of government ever devised. Its keystone is the adjustment of State and Federal functions. Any change in that adjustment is a risk; readiness to resort to change is a grave peril; and that peril is increased by the insidiousness of words, for to the unthinking mass, amendment means improvement and is favored as such.

There are other dangers which threaten us besides loose divorce laws. One of them is that our Anglo-Saxon respect for law and American faith in definite constitutions may be worn out by hasty legislation and restless meddling with organic law. There is a growing habit of thinking our whole duty done towards remedying a wrong, when we have written articles, held meetings, and got a law passed against it. Soon, in surprised disgust that the law does not enforce itself, we pass another and amend and re-amend, till we have a tangled web of incoherence and contradictions, through whose meshes he must be a dull lawyer who cannot drag the worst offender. Then our law goes into the crowded grave of dead letter statutes, and, in despair, we call on Hercules for help, and want to amend our constitution, instead of fairly using our own resources.

Hesitating as I do at any change which would reverse the policy of the Founders, unless justified, like the surgeon's knife, by urgent need, I further object to the one now proposed, that it is in the wrong direction. They who admire paternal government, or despotism under any other plausible name, may well favor the project as a long step towards centralization, for if Congress is given control of marriage and divorce it is hard to say what shall be refused.

Judge Bennett has recently given to the public an able argument for Federal interference, which seems based on this proposition. "The reasons for desiring relief from an unfortunate marriage are substantially the same throughout the entire country. . . . The evil is the same, and nature and reason suggest that the remedy, or at least the relief, should be likewise similar. . . . Nothing so much weakens our regard and respect for the law, nothing so much shakes our confidence in any real and abiding distinctions between right and wrong, honor and dishonor, morality and immorality, as the knowledge that what is forbidden by the civil law of one jurisdiction is freely allowed just beyond the border without any penalty whatever." From that beginning, after stating our variant State laws, he goes on to an urgent plea for national legislation as the only remedy.

If this be sound, it would follow that the same remedy should apply to adultery and licentiousness, cognate matters, which are now crimes in Massachusetts and New Jersey, but not in interjacent New York; and why not to liquor selling,

lotteries, larceny, labor troubles, and every other subject on which uniformity is desirable? It might well be argued that a man should not be hung for murder, flogged for thieving, or imprisoned for debt in one State and not in another; should not break the Sabbath, corner pork, take more than six per cent. interest, or do anything else in one place which is forbidden in another, and that the remedy is Federal—no, not Federal, but Imperial—legislation. Could Bismarck himself ask for more?

But we others, who love home rule and dread centralization, what shall reconcile us to the hazard of this change? We would see some clear advantage to be gained before we let a central power govern our marital relations, and, perhaps, in their train, all other domestic, social, and local affairs. Is Congress so successful in dealing with coarser matters that it will adjust wisely these delicate relations? What experience of its methods warrants the belief? Uniform legislation on bankruptcy was intrusted to it. It has passed three acts, repealed them all as failures, and is trying in vain to frame a fourth. Its vacillating follies in finance, currency, and tariff are chronic; its failure with the Mormon problem conspicuous. How can we look to it for wise legislation about family affairs, or even for steady legislation? Property rights may adjust themselves to changing laws, but shifting marriage laws would only make confusion worse confounded.

"Uniform law" is a taking cry, but a bad uniform law is only the worse the wider its extent. What sort of law are we like to have from Congress? We have now nearly as many laws as States, and of theories no end. Of course every one assumes that his own scheme will be adopted, while obviously, all but one must be rejected. Which will it be? Will Congress make marriage a civil contract, provable like other contracts, or require a priest, or magistrate, or what formalities? Shall marriage be free, or must there be publication, license, witnesses, certificates, registry, or what not? And what shall be the consequence to innocent wives and children of some informality? Shall we follow the Bible, the churches of Rome and England, the Presbyterian confession of faith, and a few States in prohibiting marriages of affinity, or most States in permitting them? Shall we let inclination decide, or shall we forbid marriage between races? And shall we draw the line at Negro, Quadroon, Octoroon, Indian, Mexican, Chinese, Japanese, or where?

Shall we follow South Carolina and the Catholic Church in refusing all divorce; New York, in limiting it to a single cause; Arizona in granting it almost at will; or which one of the intermediates? Shall divorcees be the only criminals forbidden to repent and reform, or may they have another chance to be good citizens, and if so, on what terms? There is no general concurrence of views on these and other points, and until we agree, Federal power to make uniform law over the whole nation is premature as well as unsafe.

If we were agreed, we need not amend the Constitution. We might easier attain uniform law by the old and safe method of concerted State action. The obstacle at present is that the country is not ready for concurrence. And that is the best proof that it is not ready for Federal interference.

The fact is, and we may as well face it, uniformity is not at present possible. We are fifty millions, soon to be one hundred; stretched three thousand miles from ocean to ocean; dwelling on sea coast, prairie, and mountain; traders, craftsmen, farmers, miners, and cow boys; of divers nations and races, with divers customs, holding divers religions, more than one of them claiming authority over marriage and divorce. Uniform marriage laws over such widely differing communities would encounter too strong social, moral, and religious prepossessions to be uniformly enforced.

For instance, would any law against mixed marriage stringent enough to satisfy the South be enforceable at the North? Would any limitation of divorce acceptable at the East be tolerated at the West? If no divorced persons could re-marry anywhere in this broad land, would they not mate without marriage? Will communities accustomed to self-government, who now make and insist upon diverse marriage laws suited in their judgment to their diverse conditions, heartily accept uniform laws, or will unlawful unions become common and quasi respectable?

The Presbyterian Church (Conf. of Faith, Ch. 24, Sec. 4) forbids a man to marry any of his wife's kin whom he might not marry if his own—a law broken every day and almost forgotten. If a church cannot compel even its clergy to obey its law against their reasonable inclinations, will Congressional law fare better in unwilling communities? That there will be such communities follows from the plea for National legislation, based on the ground that States never will concur.

It is rudimentary in statesmanship that laws which contravene general sentiment cannot be enforced. Dead letter temperance laws are bad enough, but the peculiar evils of unenforced marriage laws are obviously intolerable.

Judge Bennett's proposition may be bettered thus: "Nothing so much weakens our regard and respect for the law, nothing so much shakes our confidence in any real and abiding distinctions between right and wrong, honor and dishonor, morality and immorality, as unenforceable statutes." This seems to be the truer statement and to reverse his conclusion.

I venture to go further and say that uniform matrimonial laws are not at present desirable.

The nation is in a transition state, not ready to be cast in any rigid mold. We may become homogeneous, but we are not so yet. And we are now passing through some special adjustment of marital relations. Most of us can remember when the family was the unit of society, and when that unit was represented in property, rights, duties, and responsibilities by the man. This is all changed or changing. Marriage in many States is a co-partnership, a quasi business affair, in which neither partner surrenders individuality or estate. Woman is enfranchised, has separate rights, property, and liabilities, invades man's domain, and may soon vote and make laws.

What reactions these changes will produce, and especially in marital relations no one can foretell. The chaos which now exists, and which seems to some so terrible that they would change the Constitution and very basis of Federal union to remedy it, is only a symptom of the disease, not the disease itself. That is the inevitable fever of critical change, to be watchfully tended, not suddenly suppressed. When woman's position is fully settled, when relations and habits have adjusted themselves to the new conditions, we shall be better able to know what laws to make. Till then legislation must be largely experimental, and would best be tried on the smallest scale.

Meanwhile, let us not pull down the walls of our Constitution to bring in this wooden horse, which is like to be as clumsy, useless, and full of danger as its great prototype. At least, let us be first certain that a wooden horse is a good thing to have.

THOMAS M. NORTH.

IV.

DONN PIATT ON ARTHUR RICHMOND.

IN the "Notes and Comments" of the REVIEW for January, Donn Piatt appears as defender of President Cleveland against what he calls "mere vituperative assaults" in Arthur Richmond's article in the previous number; at which Colonel Piatt expresses himself "disgusted." Should Mr. Cleveland happen to read both, it might be difficult to say at which he himself would be the more disgusted, the "assault," or the defense. Colonel Piatt is indeed almost as "vituperative" as was Richmond, with the addition of wounding in the house of his friends. Among other things of like complimentary tenor and effect touching Cleveland's Administration, Piatt says: "The political condition of affairs is enough to make the old leaders in the time of Jackson turn in their graves." This is discouraging; but there is more like it. Of Cleveland himself, Colonel Piatt, speaking prophetically, says: "That he will not enact so brilliant a rôle as did Old Hickory, we can well know." The utterance of this depreciative vaticination is doubtless quite safe. But more follows; for the Colonel declares that "President Cleveland is not a great man, makes no pretension to statesmanship;"—and so on.

The correctness of statement in all this I would not presume to deny. But, considered as mode and matter of defense against "vituperative assaults," it would certainly prompt Mr. Cleveland to insert in his litany the devout invocation, "Deliver me from my friends!" But, while admitting the correctness of Donn Piatt's statements in regard to President Cleveland, I must point to one thing that challenges correction. Speaking of the present Democracy, Colonel Piatt says: "It is not a party in the sense of that name when President Jackson vetoed the bill perpetuating the United States Bank, *ruined the depositors*," etc. As to the charge that is said to have come over the Democratic party since Jackson vetoed the Bank bill and "ruined the depositors," I venture no opinion. Moreover, I think it was quite proper that the bill for the renewal of the United States Bank charter should have been vetoed, because of its monopolistic character; but the statement that General Jackson's veto of the bill "ruined the depositors" is an error of such magnitude as to seem incredible, as having come from Donn Piatt's pen. The fact of record is, when the renewal of its charter was refused, the United States Bank, on reaching the limit of its former charter, proceeded to wind up its affairs, and closed its accounts to the uttermost farthing without the loss of a single dollar to any man living or dead—whether depositor, stockholder, or billholder. Then, to assert that President Jackson's veto "ruined the depositors," is unjust to Jackson and untrue to history.

Probably Colonel Piatt has unconsciously muddled the United States Bank with the institution known as the "United States Bank of Pennsylvania," which ended in disaster, but with which General Jackson had no more to do than Donn Piatt had. The same erroneous statement has not infrequently been made by men more pretentious of knowledge in political history than Colonel Piatt has ever appeared to be. But, all the same, the statement was as incorrect in them as it now is in him. The truth of history demands its correction.

I. J. ALLEN.

CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BRAZIL having been a steadily progressive country throughout the long reign of Dom Pedro II., a fresh account* of it by an American observer was decidedly required. The books by Wallace and by Fletcher are probably out of print, and certainly out of date; the journey, whose results were recorded by Prof. and Mrs. Agassiz, was made more than twenty-one years ago; and even Dr. Smith's visit, which furnished material for an interesting narrative, took place in 1875. The author of the book before us, on the contrary, has but recently returned from Rio de Janeiro, where he spent three years in the post of Consul-General. His own opportunities of observation were remarkable, and these were supplemented with information industriously collected from men residing in almost every province of the Empire, with whom he was brought into intimate relations during their terms of sojourn in the capital. His purpose was, he tells us, to answer every question which an intelligent American would be likely to ask, and there is, in fact, no aspect of Brazilian society on which some light has not been thrown. We have found the chapters upon the Amazon Valley and upon the emancipation problem particularly full and useful. He confirms, with new and cumulative evidence, the assertion first made by Wallace, that there is no foundation for the current notion, to which, it will be remembered, Buckle gave forcible expression, that, in the Valley of the Amazon, the luxuriance of the vegetation has overpowered and daunted man. As a matter of fact, the primeval forest of the American equatorial region "can be converted into rich pasture and meadow land, cultivated field and garden, with half the labor and with less than half the time required" in temperate zones. It is even a mistake to suppose that the Valley of the Amazon is abundantly supplied with the means of subsistence. It seems to be as true to-day as it was when Mrs. Agassiz wrote, that "neither milk, nor butter, nor vegetables, nor cheese are to be had. You constantly hear people complaining of the difficulty of procuring even the commonest articles of domestic consumption." The history of the emancipation movement in Brazil has been clearly and concisely sketched by Mr. Andrews. He shows how the law of 1871, which declared all slave children, born after its promulgation, free at the age of twenty-one, has, in practice, been evaded by the frequent, and, in some sections, preconcerted failure to register births. Of the minors legally entitled to the benefit of the law, no returns at all have been received from seven provincial governments, including those of such large and populous provinces as those of Bahia, Sao Paulo, and Minas-Geraes. The latest phase of the long struggle between the slave-holders and emancipationists is depicted in detail from the abortive project of the Dantas Ministry to the successful passage of the Saraiva bill, in September, 1885. The main feature of this important legislation is the provision for a new and compulsory registration of all slaves under sixty years of age. It should also be noted that while slaves between sixty and sixty-five were to be held to labor for three years, those above sixty-five were declared emanci-

* Brazil, by C. C. Andrews, ex-Consul-General at Rio de Janeiro. D. Appleton & Co.

pated, and every slave not registered within a fixed time was to be *ipso facto* free. There was also a merciful provision that all freedmen over sixty should remain with their masters to be fed, clothed, and cared for at the latter's expense, provided the Orphans' Court should pronounce the freedmen unable to earn their living. As the law also largely increased the Emancipation fund by an annual appropriation of two and a half million dollars, there is at last reason to believe that the process of extinguishing African slavery in its last stronghold is fairly under way. Still, as the number of slaves in the Empire was nearly a million and a quarter two years ago, Mr. Andrews foresees that Americans will continue to drink coffee produced by slave labor for a quarter of a century longer.

It was understood, when the purchase of the collection was recommended to Congress, that the Stevens papers, now deposited in the library of the State Department at Washington, included a great many letters written by Franklin during his residence in France that had never seen the light. Not only are the most important of these unpublished documents made known to us by Mr. Hale,* but their relation to circumstances is brought out by retelling the whole story of Franklin's experience in France. Mr. Hale's work, therefore, far from being confined to the mere act of editing, is an independent history, which, while providing students with new and valuable evidence, winningly commends itself to a popular audience like that to which the biography by Parton was addressed. Students, perhaps, will not be overmuch pleased to learn that Franklin's mistakes in orthography have been corrected by the editor, but the general reader will relish the letters all the more, because he has been spared the trouble of translating bad English or bad French. A feature of this book is the attention paid to Franklin's earlier visits to Paris in 1767 and 1769, about which his other biographers have, for one reason or another, said but little. As to the first journey in particular, Franklin himself maintained great reticence, mentioned it to no one in America, except his son in New Jersey, and cautions even him against letting others know of it. The contemporary English newspapers seem to have been unaware that Franklin had accompanied Sir John Pringle to Paris. The only surviving record of this visit in Franklin's handwriting is a letter to a Miss Stevenson, treating chiefly of the modes of traveling in France, the fashions in dress, and his own presentation at court, where, it seems, the King, Louis XV., took some notice of him. Franklin recounts an incident, which, at first sight, seems trivial enough, but which, as the editor points out, was, in its way, a portent, namely, that the game at cards known as quadrille had already been superseded at Versailles and Paris by the English whist. Spades, as Mr. Hale reminds us, represented the soldier class, while the other three suits corresponded to the ecclesiastics, town folk, and peasantry. "When, therefore, the fashion of the court changed so far that the ace of spades [which in quadrille was the highest card, no matter what might be trumps] could not always take the ace of clubs or of hearts, or of diamonds, the King of France should have known that even the chief [of a military noblesse] was no longer supreme above the demands of clergy, merchants, and people. English whist came as an omen of constitutional government." We have quoted Mr. Hale's allusion to this matter, which most editors would have dismissed as insignificant, to show how searching and illuminative his comments are. Of Franklin's second visit to Paris, in July, 1769, there is even less to be learned from his letters to American correspondents. As we know that Franklin was received with the utmost cordiality by the French economists, among whom Quesnay and the Marquis of Mirabeau were the most

* Franklin in France, by Edward E. Hale and E. E. Hale, Jr. Roberts Brothers.

conspicuous figures, the studious and very unusual silence maintained by Franklin suggests to the editor that he must have had some political plans in view. Mr. Hale notes the interesting fact that only a year or two before Franklin's visit, Adam Smith had formed that personal acquaintance with Quesnay to which we are undoubtedly indebted for "The Wealth of Nations." Mr. Hale brings down the story of Franklin's life in France to the close of 1781, the year of Yorktown. A question of particular interest relates to the extent of Franklin's prevision of the French Revolution, which was to begin only eight years later. We have found no proof in the letters printed in this volume that he foresaw the dissolution of the Bourbon monarchy. We encounter no criticism, even of a friendly kind, on the shocking fiscal blunders of the Ancien Régime, to which we might have expected a man of Franklin's business aptitudes to be specially alive. When Marie Antoinette herself was partner in a faro bank, it might have been supposed that Franklin would have been impressed by some of the thousand indications that the state was drifting fast toward bankruptcy. The general effect produced on the mind by this correspondence is that, while Franklin's cordial reception by the philosophers was of service to his country, and made him an efficient agent for the immediate end in view, yet his observations were confined to superficial phenomena, and there was absolutely nothing of the prophet in him.

Although Mr. Laurence Oliphant is an Englishman, his letters* descriptive of life in modern Palestine may, from one point of view, be considered to belong to American literature, since they were first published in the *New York Sun*, and are now only accessible in a collective form to the readers of the volume edited by Mr. Charles A. Dana. The observations here recorded are those, not of a visitor, but of a resident, of a man, too, who can interpret the present by the past, because, without professing to be a professional archaeologist or philologist, he is thoroughly conversant with the results of recent archaeological and philological research. Mr. Oliphant speaks from a full mind, and his pen moves with the vivacity and the exactitude of a long-practiced writer. The reader will thank us for directing his attention to the topics of peculiar interest discussed in chapters on "the Sea of Galilee in the Time of Christ," "The Scene of the Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "Capernaum and Chorazin," and "Traditional Sites at Jerusalem." But, perhaps, we cannot better illustrate in this passing notice the charm and value of the combined results of patient personal inspection and of extensive scholarship, than by marking some of the data brought out in two chapters on the "Sacred Samaritan Records" and "The Ten Lost Tribes." How few of the persons, who suppose themselves tolerably well informed about the history and the present state of Palestine, are aware that at Nablous lingers to this day a remnant of the Samaritans, though it now numbers no more than one hundred and sixty souls. The author may well pronounce this remarkable community, considered as an ethnological survival of antiquity, the most interesting group of people extant. In their synagogue, Mr. Oliphant was allowed to see their ancient Thorah, or book of the law, which, as these Samaritans believe, preserves the most authentic text of the Mosaic injunctions, as they were expounded and obeyed when the whole nation of the Israelites still worshiped on Mount Gerizim. Of the three other sacred books known to be in the possession of the Samaritans, the author points out that one, the Samaritan book of Joshua, fills a notable lacuna in the Judaic book of the same name, and furnishes an account of the conquest of Samaria, which, it will be remembered, is lacking in the record transmitted in the Hebrew Bible. We should add that in

* *Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine*, edited with introduction by Charles A. Dana. Harper and Brothers.

the second of the two chapters now under our eye, Mr. Oliphant gives cogent reasons for believing that the Samaritans of the times of Christ and of Josephus were the lineal representatives of the ten tribes mistakenly described as "lost." There is, indeed, an inherent probability in Mr. Oliphant's suggestion that Sargon's treatment of the conquered Israelites would correspond to Nebuchadnezzar's subsequent treatment of Judah and Benjamin; that is to say, he would carry off the rich and influential families, and leave behind the poorer classes, who were not worth deportation. It appears, too, that, according to a Samaritan tradition, not less than three hundred thousand exiles, belonging to the ten tribes, and representing their sacerdotal and social aristocracy, returned under Sanballat to Gerizim at the same time when the descendants of the captives, who had been thought worthy of conveyance to Babylon, repaired, under Zerubbabel, to Jerusalem.

Of the five volumes* edited by Messrs. Matthews and Hutton, three, at all events, may be classed with propriety under American literature, since the authors of the several biographies contained in them are, as a rule, Americans, and since the subjects, for the most part, spent the largest, or at least the most successful part of their professional careers on the American stage. When we mention that the sketch of the elder Booth was drawn by his celebrated son, that the memoirs of Edwin Booth himself, of Edwin Forrest, and of Macready, were penned by Mr. Lawrence Barrett, and that the lives of James W. and Lester Wallack and of John McCullough are depicted by Mr. William Winter, we have said enough to indicate the care taken by the editors to secure not only competent, but sympathetic delineation. Among the scores of contributions from well nigh as many hands which make up these five volumes, there is not one which is not readable, or which fails to give the precise sort of information which the reader of the book expects. But we should not omit, in the most cursory notice, to recognize the high literary level reached by the articles on Frances Kemble, on Mr. Lawrence Barrett, on Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and upon Miss Ellen Terry.

Although Mr. Heilprin's portrayal of the past and present dissemination of animals† is not, of course, a contribution to literature, it is an American contribution to science, and, therefore, may claim notice here. Besides, in the application of technical acquirements to the special end in view, the author has exhibited the literary qualities of well-ordered arrangement and lucidity, and has, therefore, carried out the popularizing purpose of the series to which his volume appertains. There are books, no doubt, like that of Mr. Wallace, which deal efficiently with the geographical distribution of living species, and there are other books which offer a tolerably exhaustive conspectus of paleontological data. The specific merit of this work is the collocation of both classes of facts, which, of course, powerfully help to interpret one another. By way of exemplifying the light cast by the study of fossils on the evolution and characters of existing types, we would particularly draw the reader's attention to Mr. Heilprin's account of the horse, the dog, the cat, and the higher varieties of anthropoid apes, which are collectively known as troglodytes. The author has no occasion within the limits of his inquiry to declare his opinion regarding the descent of man, and his reticence upon the subject will expand rather than contract the field of his essay's usefulness in our schools and colleges.

* Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton. 5 vols. Cassell & Co.

† The Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals, by Angelo Heilprin. International Scientific Series. D. Appleton & Co.